

*John Hicks 3/3* and  
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

ONE PENNY.



THE HOLLY CART. (See page 435.)



## Notes of the Week.

Mr. CARTAR, coroner for West Kent, held an inquest at Woolwich, on Saturday afternoon, on the body of Mr. Eugene Murray. The deceased disappeared from his home in Tredegar-square, Victoria, on the 10th of November ult. Printed bills were, in the meantime, issued, offering a reward of £50 for his discovery. On the 12th inst. the body, fully dressed, with the exception of his hat, was seen floating down the river near Woolwich Dock-yard, and was secured by some boatmen and conveyed to the dead-house, after being recognised by a Mr. Hestor, his brother-in-law, and others. The evidence of the witnesses who appeared before the coroner went to show that the deceased was seen at a late hour on the evening of the 10th of November tipsy and without his hat, in the lower part of the town known as the "dust-hole," which is hemmed in by the high boundary wall of the Royal Arsenal. Its single line of habitations consists of taverns and many houses of ill-repute, whose occupants are under the strict surveillance of the police. From the "dust-hole" nothing further could be traced of the deceased. The coroner said the deceased had been seen in the company of three men who were not known, nor could they be traced, and by whom there was no doubt he had been robbed of his hat and money, and the only verdict they could pronounce in accordance with the evidence must be that of "Found drowned," leaving it open for further inquiry, if necessary, which, after a short consultation, was agreed to. Mr. Murray was the owner of some house property in Woolwich and in London. A policy of insurance for the sum of 5,000l, payable at his death, in the Albert Life Assurance office, by which it appeared that he had paid £9 11s. 6d. on the 9th of November, the day preceding his death, was found in one of his pockets, and also a warrant to suspend premium until Jan. 12, 1867.

On Saturday, Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, held an inquest at the London Hospital on view of the body of James Thomas Baze, aged twelve, who was shot by a school-fellow. Charlotte Baze, 4, Spitz-terrace, Back Church-lane, Whitechapel, said that deceased was her son. On Friday evening, the 7th inst., he left home to go to the Mission Church, near St. Mark's Schools, to learn singing as a chorister. She next saw him severely wounded in the London Hospital. John Lawless, a boy, said that at seven o'clock on the evening of Friday week a woman dropped three halfpence in the gutter in Back Church-lane. A boy named Purcell got a penny of it and gave deceased a farthing orange. A boy named John Bridgen, who attended the same school, came up with a large pistol and said, "If you don't give me that orange, I will blow your eye out." Deceased said, "No, I have got to give other boys some." Bridgen said, "If you don't I will blow your eye out," and in two or three minutes he fired at him. The deceased fell at once. The witness did not think Bridgen really intended to shoot deceased, for they used to play together, and were members of the same choir. William Purcell another little boy, gave substantially the same account of the matter, but persistently denied that Bridgen used any threat before the pistol was discharged. John Bridgen, aged thirteen, stated that he was the son of a gunsmith, living at 29, Waggoners-buildings, near the Commercial-road. On the night previous to this occasion the deceased made him "stand and deliver" with a wooden pistol; witness, therefore, got an old pistol in his father's workshop, and thought he would frighten him. He bought a halfpenny worth of powder at a shop kept by Mr. Bradley, and loaded the pistol, but put in no shot. When he met the deceased he said "Stand and deliver" in the usual way; the pistol went off, but witness thought that it could not, for he believed that he had put it at half-cock. Witness did not see that he had an orange. The Rev. Mr. Scott said that the occurrence all arose through the boys playing at "Dick Turpin, the Dashing Highwayman," in consequence of reading the vile romance of that name which he was sorry to say was being devoured by boys all over London. The boy Bridgen, he had since learnt, was going to have a play at Christmas of "Dick Turpin." Mr. D. Thorpe, house-surgeon, said that deceased was brought in on the night of the 7th inst. with a gunshot wound in the eye. He died from his injuries. The discussion from the discharge close to the eye had fractured the skull. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from the effects of a pistol-shot wound accidentally inflicted on him by John Bridgen; and the jury deprecate the practice of tradesmen selling gunpowder to young boys without making any inquiry, or exercising any caution."

A COURT-MARTIAL was held on Monday, on board the Victory, Portsmouth, to try Captain C. L. T. Usher, of the Marines, serving on board the Lion, charged with being drunk on board the said vessel on the 28th of November. Captain the Hon. F. Egerton, Captains W. O. Chamberlain, C. Fellowes, H. T. Burgoyne, M. B. Dunn, and J. G. Goodenough, were the officers composing the court. Mr. E. Hosking officiated as judge-advocate, and Lieutenant G. E. Barnes prosecuted. It appeared from his evidence that on the afternoon in question, while in his cabin, he heard groaning in the ward room, and on going out he found the prisoner lying on the stern sofa drunk and insensible. He at once sent Mr. Bradley Gregory, assistant-surgeon, and Lieutenant Rees to him, and both were of opinion that the prisoner was drunk. The Rev. Dr. King, the chaplain, was called, but he was unable to say whether the prisoner was drunk or sober. In his defence, the prisoner alleged that for a week previously he had been suffering from a disordered stomach accompanied by diarrhoea, and that he had been taking chloridine as a medicine, an extra dose of which had produced the insensibility which had been mistaken for drunkenness. He had been a captain of Marines nineteen years, thirteen of which he had served abroad, and this was the first time he had had a complaint made against him. The court considered the charge proved, but in consideration of the prisoner's lengthened service they only adjudged him to lose two years' seniority as captain, and to be dismissed the ship.

At the Liverpool Assizes on Monday, before Mr. Justice Smith, Michael O'Brien, 27, a carpenter; Charles Campbell, 28, labourer; William Corey, 22, clerk; and Patrick Keeley, 26, labourer; were indicted for having, on the 21st of September, feloniously received and kept forty-nine rifles, the property of the Government. It appeared that the rifles had been issued to some of the volunteer corps—viz., 28th and 46th Middlesex and also to the 23rd Surrey, and had been traced to the prisoners. It was proved that the prisoners had been seen moving the cases in a cart, and on their apprehension one of them said he would have taken the cases to Glasgow if he had had an opportunity, and would not have come to Liverpool. A great deal of evidence was adduced, but his lordship was of opinion that the evidence did not bear out the allegations of the indictment, and the jury, after retiring for twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Not guilty" in each case.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The semi-official papers confirm the fact which we mentioned last week of the Empress's journey to Rome. It has not been contradicted or even noticed in the *Moniteur*; we may consequently believe it is certain. It has also been stated, though not on authority, that the Prince Imperial would accompany his mother, but as the Emperor was said to be opposed to the Prince's leaving, it is still doubtful. When his imperial highness was suffering from grave indisposition some months back, the Empress made a vow that, in case of his complete recovery, she would make a pilgrimage "to the tomb of the Apostles." It is at this season that the Pope receives the good wishes of the faithful on the approach of the new year, and that he sends the apostolic blessing to all Catholic Sovereigns. This blessing the Empress desires to receive in person, at the same time fulfilling her solemn promise.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, Monseigneur de Bonnechose, having addressed a letter to the Emperor asking for the continuance of the French occupation of Rome, his Majesty, the *Novelliste de Rouen* says, replied to the following effect:—

"The Emperor feels as warm an interest in the Holy Father as his eminence; for the last sixteen years he has used all his efforts in bringing about a reconciliation between the Papacy and the Italian populations; his counsels have always been given to that end; but he differs from his eminence on the means of protecting the Sovereign Pontiff. The French expedition, very legitimate when it was necessary to put an end to anarchy, ceases to be justifiable now that the sensation is changed and that profound peace reigns in the Italian peninsula. His Majesty has entire confidence in the loyal execution of the convention of September, and considers that treaty as a complete security for the exercise of the Divine mission of the Holy Father."

Monseigneur Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, having taken a similar step, his Majesty's answer was nearly similar except upon a few points. The Emperor explained that in order to be faithful to the convention he must withdraw his troops from Rome, and that should the treaty not be executed to the letter he would know how to exercise a pressure upon Italy. He added that he would soon make known by a despatch addressed to the French ambassador what his intentions were with regard to the Holy See.

## PRUSSIA.

King John of Saxony arrived at Berlin on Saturday evening. He was received at the railway station by the King of Prussia and all the royal princes. A supper was afterwards given at the Royal Castle.

## AMERICA.

Secretary Seward's instructions to Mr. Campbell direct him to proceed to the seat of the Government of Juarez, and to furnish the State Department at Washington with information relative to the condition of affairs in Mexico, but to enter into no stipulations with Maximilian or the French which would be likely to embarrass the administration of Juarez. Mr. Seward declares that the United States desire neither to conquer nor to purchase Mexican territory, but only to see the country relieved from foreign military intervention.

General Sedgwick has been ordered to Washington to undergo court-martial for violation of orders in occupying Matamoros. Washington despatches, published in the *New York papers*, assert that Mr. Bigelow has telegraphed that he is convinced of the Emperor Napoleon's good faith, and that the latter will withdraw from Mexico and co-operate with the United States to restore the Republican form of Government. He adds that the Emperor Napoleon favours the uncontested election of a President by the Mexicans.

The Fenians in Canada sentenced to be hung have been reprieved until the 18th of March.

M. VICTOR HUGO is said to be building a theatre near his residence in Guernsey, where two unperformed plays by him, "Torquemada" and "La Grand mere," are to see the footlights.

Sir JAMES LARSEN, captain of the Great Eastern, was recently presented with the freedom of the borough of Dumfries (his native town), and entertained in the evening to a public dinner in recognition of his services in connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable in 1866.

FALSE WEIGHTS.—Seventy-one South London tradesmen were fined at a special session at Newington, last week, for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, and measures. The black list comprised seventeen licensed victuallers and beer retailers, ten chandlers, nineteen bakers, eleven butchers, three grocers and potato dealers, nine grocers and cheese-mongers, one ham and beef-shop keeper, and one fishmonger. The fines inflicted amounted to £131 12s. 6d. The most flagrant cases were the following:—Michael Quinn, chandler, Trinity-street, Rotherhithe, a machine 14 drachms short, caused by a piece of wire twisted round; T. Adams, butcher, Russell-street, Rotherhithe, a machine, half an ounce short, caused by a hook in the machine (second offence); William Gardner, Gloucester-row, Walworth-road, a machine 1lb deficient, caused by a piece of lead underneath; B. Meurs, fruiterer, Walworth-road, a machine very deficient (fourth offence); and Joseph Kemp, Larkhall-lane, Clapham, two machines 6 drachms short, caused by two cards placed under the plates.—*South London Press*.

JAPANESE VISITORS.—Two young officers belonging to the household of the Prince of Higo, who is a potentate of the Japanese empire, arrived here on Tuesday by the barque Wave. They are en route to Philadelphia, where they propose remaining for five years, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of naval science, and to acquaint themselves with the manners and customs of the "great republic." Among the curiosities exhibited by them to their many visitors were a pair of two-handed swords, made of very fine steel and as sharp as razors. These swords were heirlooms, and had been in their family for 400 years. They stated that in Japan a connoisseur could tell the age of a weapon by merely looking at it. This is a piece of knowledge that our most eminent antiquarians are not possessed of. The hard-knarl sword was another article of curiosity, which they took particular pleasure to exhibit. It is used for the purpose of suicide; for when a Japanese official is reprimanded by his superiors he considers it imperative to kill himself, which he does by drawing this sharp weapon transversely across his bowels.—*New York Herald*.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Elphinstone per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co. Ltd."—(Advertisement.)  
PERRY Pianos, from 10s. the Month, for Hire, by Erard, Collard, Broadwood, &c. Several Cottages for Sale, at 12s. Useful pianofortes, from 10s. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At 11, High Holborn (side door).—(Advertisement.)

## General News.

The Prince of Wales has consented to act as president of the committee formed for organizing the reception of the Belgian refugees, who are expected to visit Wimbledon at the next meeting.

We are rejoiced to hear that the China command has been given to Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B. Certainly, there is not another officer in the service so well qualified for the post. We can congratulate the officers of the squadron in having as successor to one right worthy admiral an officer who, wherever he has served, has so won the regard and esteem of those who served under him, that, to use a common but expressive phrase, both officers and men would "go to the devil for him." We understand that the gallant admiral will select Captain Algernon C. F. Heneage as his flag captain, and trust that the First Lord will not allow the date of that officer's commission to interfere with the very useful privilege of an admiral to make his own selection.—*United Service Gazette*.

ADMIRAL TEGHETOFF, the conqueror in the fight between the Austrians and Italians, is now in London.

AFTER a protracted trial in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, the jury gave 200l. damages and costs against Dr. Lindwort, a schoolmaster, for excessive punishment of a boy named Payne.

THE *Moderno* publishes the following letter from General Garibaldi:—"To the Italians.—Lord John Russell is coming to visit Italy. I wish to make known to my compatriots that the illustrious statesman in 1860 threw into the scale of our country's destiny the powerful voice of England against those who wished to intervene and to isolate in Sicily the movement for emancipation. Thanks to this generous idea the deliverance of the Neapolitan continent was facilitated, and the union of the Italian family, now so happily accomplished, became possible. To this noble person, then, the well-merited expression of our gratitude.—G. GARIBOLDI. Capri, Dec. 4, 1866."

At a breakfast given by Mr. Osborne, provision dealer, to celebrate the opening of his additional warehouse at Salter's-hall-passages and St. Swithin's-lane, Cannon-street, City, it was stated that the consumption of cheese in England amounts to the amazing quantity of 821,250,000lb. per annum, and that, provided cheese could be found light enough to float and bridge over the oceanic Hampshire channel, a sufficient deep from a road of thirty feet wide and seven and a half inches deep from Osborne, to the Isle of Wight, to Osborne House, Ludgate-hill.

At the Southwell Petty Sessions in Nottinghamshire Mr. Joseph Marriotti, a miller in a respectable position at Fiskerton, was convicted of selling flour adulterated with alum, and was fined £15 for the offence.

On Saturday an inquest was held at Brentwood, on the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Bodwell, wife of a master saddler, of that place. There had been differences between the deceased and her husband, and some time ago she had left him, but recently returned. On the previous Friday afternoon he found her hanging, quite dead, in an outhouse. The jury found a verdict of "Temporary Insanity."

On Monday morning, between two and three o'clock, the watchman on the premises of Mr. Grogson's saw-mills at Liverpool discovered that a fire had broken out in one of the rooms used for drying timber. The drying apparatus consists of three large stones, and over one of them a large quantity of timber was stowed away, which was intended for the repairs and alterations in the steamer Great Eastern. The fire at the one fire seized to gain ground, but, owing to the exertions of the time brigades and a plentiful supply of water, it was kept within its original limits. The damage done is estimated at about £400. The timber was uninsured.

## The Court.

General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust had the honour of an audience of her Majesty at Windsor Castle, and presented a copy of "Lives of the Warriors of the Civil Wars of France and England," which her Majesty was pleased to accept.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remained in strict retirement on Friday week, that being the anniversary of the death of the late Prince Consort. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Countess of Macclesfield, General Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, and Lieutenant Haig, attended divine service on Sunday morning at Sandringham Church. The Rev. W. Lake Ouslow, M.A., rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached. It is understood that several expected visits in the neighbourhood have been postponed in consequence of the indisposition of the Prince of Wales.

Her Majesty the Queen, who, in company with the Princess Louise, recently visited the Windsor Infirmary, caused the following gratifying letter to be forwarded to Mr. G. Cartland, the secretary:—

"Windsor Castle, Dec. 11, 1866.

"Dear sir,—I am commanded by the Queen to express the gratification which her Majesty derived from the visit which she paid yesterday to the Windsor Royal Infirmary. Her Majesty particularly remarked the clean, wholesome state of the wards and the general good ventilation of the house; but what made most impression was the contented looks and tone of even those who were suffering most from the accidents and complaints which brought them into the hospital. This can only have been caused by the care and attention of the three gentlemen who devote so much of their time gratuitously as visiting surgeons, to the house surgeon's skill, and to the matron's constant kindness and devotion to her business. It was also explained to the Queen that the successful working of details is effected mainly by an active weekly board, who sacrifice much of their time to the good object, aided by a painstaking secretary, and her Majesty was glad to learn that the establishment of this local dispensary has in no respect diminished the usefulness of the old dispensary, which had so long alleviated the sufferings of the poorer classes in their own homes in and around Windsor. I will thank you to communicate the contents of this letter to the committee, as well as to those who have been named as having attracted the approbation of her Majesty.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"FRANCIS H. SEYMOUR."

On the following day six brace of very fine pheasants were sent to the institution, with a letter, stating it to be her Majesty's wish that all the inmates (whose cases would allow) might be permitted to partake of them. It is a pleasant fact that, with one exception, all the patients were allowed by the surgeons to be feasted with the royal fare, which they heartily enjoyed. Major-General Seymour attended at the institution during the day, by request of her Majesty, to ascertain how many of the patients had been permitted to partake of the game.



# MOSES MOSES, AND THE WHOLESALE DEPOT FOR STOLEN GOODS.

MONDAY having been appointed last session of the Central Criminal Court, for the trial of Moses Moses, the marine-store dealer in Blackhorse-yard, Aldgate, and Gravel-lane, Houndsditch, charged with receiving an enormous amount of valuable property, well knowing the same to have been stolen, the court was crowded with persons interested, and the most lively excitement prevailed. There were no less than eight indictments against Moses, in two of which John Blake was included as having stolen the property therein mentioned; and to the whole of them the prisoners, on their arraignment, pleaded not guilty.

The prisoners were given first in charge to the jury on an indictment charging Blake with having stolen two valuable military saddles and equipments and a new solid leather portmanteau, containing books and perfumery, and the prisoner Moses with receiving the said property, well knowing it to have been stolen.

Mr. Metcalfe (instructed by Mr. Wontner) conducted the prosecution; Mr. Ribton, with whom was Mr. F. H. Lewis (instructed by Messrs. Lewis and Lewis), defended Moses; and Mr. Montague Williams appeared for the prisoner Blake.

This case has been so frequently and so fully reported on the occasions of the preliminary examinations at the Mansion House, that a narrative may suffice to remind the public of its leading features. The evidence disclosed that early in the month of October last the prisoner Moses gave information to the police that his premises in Blackhorse-yard, Aldgate, had been broken into, and a large quantity of woollen goods stolen, and in consequence Detective-sergeant John Moss, with Detectives Charles Brown, Samuel Obee, and others, went to examine the premises with a view to trace if possible the thieves. They discovered that an entrance had been effected by a tool which had been taken from an adjoining unoccupied warehouse, and on proceeding with their search the officers discovered near the spot the two saddles and equipments, and in another part of the premises the portmanteau which formed the subject of the present indictment concealed under a large quantity of bales of rags, and in consequence Moses was at once taken into custody on the charge of receiving stolen goods, for the possession of which he did not attempt to give any account beyond the statement that he had bought the saddles at an auction. It further appeared in evidence that the goods in question formed part of two orders which had been executed by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., of Cornhill, for customers in India, the saddles being for a Captain Bradford, at Bombay, and the portmanteau for a Mr. Webb, of Hong Kong. These were packed in cases, and were delivered to the prisoner Blake, a carman in the employ of Mr. Harris, a master carman, to convey to the East and West India Docks for shipment. This was some time before the discovery of the property on the premises of the prisoner Moses. It appeared that Blake, instead of delivering the whole of the cases the day he received them, delayed them until the next morning, and from those cases the saddles, &c., had been abstracted. These formed the leading facts of the case.

Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Ribton having addressed the jury on behalf of their respective clients,

The Recorder summed up the evidence, and the jury retired, and after an absence of ten minutes returned into court with a verdict of "Guilty" against both the prisoners.

A former conviction was proved against Moses, and it was shown that in May, 1854, he had been convicted in this court of receiving goods well knowing them to have been stolen, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. At that time there were several other similar indictments against him.

Mr. Metcalfe reminded the court that there were now several other indictments against Moses, and one in which Blake was implicated as principal, but he did not think it necessary to proceed with them. He should, therefore, apply that the stolen property found on the premises of Moses which had been identified should be given up to the owners.

Mr. Laxton said that prior to the conviction the prisoner Moses had been made bankrupt, and he was instructed by the assignees that the property should be given up to them for the benefit of the creditors.

The Recorder remarked that he could not make any order as to the delivery of the property to the owners until the prisoner had been convicted.

Mr. Metcalfe said that that being so he would proceed with the other indictments.

The prisoners Blake and Morris were again charged, the former with stealing a quantity of ladies' companions and other goods, and Moses for receiving the same with a guilty knowledge.

This case was identical with the preceding one. The goods had been packed by the firm of Abrahams and Co., of Houndsditch, for shipment to Australia. The cases had been entrusted to Blake, and by him delayed on their transit to the docks, and a portion of the goods which had been purloined was found on the premises of Moses when the search was made by Detective-officer William Green, concealed under some empty sacks.

The jury in this case returned a verdict of "Guilty" against both the prisoners.

A third indictment against Moses for receiving a large quantity of jewellery, the property of Messrs. Faraday and Davy, wholesale jewellers, of Hatton-garden, of the value of £300, was then gone into.

In this case a bag of jewellery had been lost or stolen from the trap of Mr. Taylor, the traveller to the prosecutor, and a portion of it found at Moses's warehouse; but as Taylor could not positively swear that the bag might not have been dropped, and not stolen from the trap, the Recorder held there was not sufficient evidence of the felony of the goods, and directed an acquittal.

The prisoner Moses was again indicted for feloniously receiving thirty-eight gold chains, the property of Mr. J. A. Humphries, a wholesale jeweller, of Wilderness-row, Clerkenwell, well knowing them to have been stolen.

It appeared in this case that the prosecutor entrusted about £300 worth of jewellery to a young man named Owen, his traveller, to show to customers on the 8th October last, and that the same day Owen had been induced by a man named Curran to abscond with the property, which he pretended to have sold to a person in John-street, and with the proceeds, £120, they went off to Dover with the intention of escaping to New Zealand. From Dover Curran ran away, and the next morning, Owen having become conscience-stricken, returned to London, and gave up to his father £50, which had been his share of the proceeds of the plunder. The money was given up to the prosecutor.

The jury in this case returned a verdict of "Guilty."

The remaining cases were not proceeded with, it being agreed that the property should be given up to the owners by whom it had been identified.

The prisoners were then brought up for judgment, and a former

conviction for felony was proved against Blake, who, it was stated by Detective-officer W. Green, had long been suspected, and had given the police a vast deal of trouble.

The Recorder said that, with regard to the prisoner Moses, he had already been convicted of a similar offence, and been sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, but had been liberated after serving six years, and no sooner was he at large than he commenced his old practices again. He was a confirmed and systematic receiver of stolen goods, and the sentence upon him was that he be kept in penal servitude for twenty years. As to Blake, he had already been convicted, and the sentence was that he be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

## TARRING AND FEATHERING AT THE DIGGINGS.

A STRANGE case of tarring and feathering took place lately on the Adelaide Lead, at Maryborough. It appears that some time ago a married man, a miner, named John Knowles, residing on the Lead, contracted an improper intimacy with a young girl, aged seventeen, named Anne Jeffrey, the daughter of respectable parents, an apprentice to Knowles's wife, who is a dressmaker. The result of this intimacy was that, on the girl being confined, Mrs. Knowles left her husband and went to Melbourne. The intimacy between the girl and her seducer still appears to have been kept up, as she then left her father's house, and took up her abode with Knowles. Some of the neighbours did not hesitate to express their disgust at their shameful exhibition of profligacy. The affair did not, however, rest here. On Monday, the 15th inst., a large number of miners and other residents of the locality assembled in front of Knowles's house and demanded admittance, which was refused. The father of the girl burst open the door, ejected his daughter from the house, while his companions seized Knowles, and proceeded with him to a waste piece of ground in the neighbourhood where a warm mixture of tar, pitch, and resin had been prepared. Knowles was stripped, and the mixture poured over his head and body. This done, a bag of feathers was produced and the helpless victim rolled therein. Amid shouts of derision he was then ordered to make tracks, and, on nearing his house, saw that it was in flames, the building having been set fire to during the progress of his punishment. Meanwhile some of the "women" who were present during the tarring and feathering process advocated the expediency of serving the girl in a similar fashion, but this was not allowed by the men. Nevertheless, she received very severe handling from some of the "gentler sex," but at last managed to escape. The matter will be reopened in a court of law, the burning of the building not being legal. An inquest is to be held upon this part of the business, and nearly a dozen of the parties implicated have been arrested. Bail was immediately forthcoming for them. —*Melbourne Argus.*

**CHIGNONS.**—A correspondent sends us the following information, which may be comforting to many of our countrywomen:—"Ladies who wear chignons will be glad to know that it is not true that the hair for chignons is procured from the corpses of people who die in hospitals and other public institutions. When death ensues the hair becomes brittle, and cannot be curled and twisted into form. Marseilles is the great entrepot for the trade in human hair, more than 40,000lb. weight of this commodity being imported there annually, chiefly from Italy, and more particularly from Sicily, Naples, and the States of the Church, while a moderate quantity comes from Spain and certain departments of France. The French provinces which yield the largest supply are Brittany and Auvergne, and buyers go round on market-days, when the young demoiselle who wishes to dispose of her locks mounts a wine cask, and, loosening her head-dress, showers down her hair. An active bidding follows. As the weight of hair in an ordinary chignon does not exceed three ounces and a half, the annual quantity imported into Marseilles alone would be sufficient for upwards of 180,000 head-dresses. A large quantity of the hair arriving at this port is there made up and re-exported to Algeria and Spain. The hairdressers of Marseilles, all of whom are more or less engaged in the chignon trade, are something like 400 in number; of these, four large houses manufacture among them 55,000 chignons annually for home consumption alone, 30,000 of which are sent into the interior, while the remaining 25,000 are disposed of in Marseilles and the suburbs. One Parisian house in the Passage des Petits Peres retails no less than 15,000 chignons annually, at prices averaging from 12s. to 70s. each, although chignons can be purchased as high as 250s. Chignons of red or flaxen hair, which comes chiefly from Scotland, are the most expensive. When the hair arrives at the manufacturer's, which it does in large sacks holding something like a couple of cwt. each, it is thoroughly washed in hot water until every particle of grease is removed from it; it then has a final bath of potash, and when perfectly dry is passed through common flour. The number of chignons exported from France to England during the past year was 11,954, in addition to which there was exported a sufficient quantity of hair for 7,000 chignons to be made up in England. The total value of the exports of hair and chignons from France during 1865 amounted to 1,206,605s., or upwards of £45,000 sterling. England took the largest quantity, and the United States figure next on the list." —*Poll-mall Gazette.*

**A BERKSHIRE MAGISTRATE CONVICTED OF ANNOYING A CLERGYMAN IN CHURCH.**—On Saturday last the justices of the Reading division of Berks were occupied for a considerable time at the petty sessions in hearing a charge preferred by the Rev. Robert Finch, rector of Pangbourne, against Mr. Robert John Hopkins, a magistrate for the county, residing at Pangbourne, "for that he, the said Robert John Hopkins, on the 9th December, in Pangbourne Church, did unlawfully molest, let, disturb, vex, or trouble the said Robert Finch, he being the preacher duly authorized to perform divine service in the church of the said parish." Mr. F. M. Slocombe, solicitor, of Reading, appeared on behalf of the defendant. The charge was read by the clerk, and the defendant (who was seated by his solicitor) pleaded "Not guilty." The Rev. Robert Finch, on being sworn, said he was the clergyman ministering in the parish church of Pangbourne on Sunday week. During the prayers, reading of lessons, and preaching of the sermon Mr. Hopkins disquieted him by his gestures, laughter, and indecent conduct. Mr. Hopkins's pew was about the third from the lectern, and occasionally throughout the service his gestures, laughing, and sneering were such as to attract the attention of the people towards him (Mr. Finch). This had been going on for nine years, but more especially since the re-opening of the church, in July last. Several witnesses were called in support of the charge; while, on the other hand, witnesses stated that they were present during one of the services on which the defendant had acted as complained of, but did not notice his misconduct. The magistrates were of opinion that the charge was proved, and Mr. Hopkins must pay a penalty of £1, and costs, £1. Mr. Slocombe gave notice of appeal at the next quarter sessions.

## CHRISTMAS.

OLD Father Christmas, after his twelvemonth's leave of absence, has come back to make us jolly and forget our troubles. He has come to send the old year to his grave with jokes and laughter. Anno Domini 1866 is sick and sinking; but when the smell of roasting turkey touches his nose, he will rouse a little, and having munched a mince pie, expire comfortably—going, and going as gradually as water cools. Father Christmas has got the job of burying him—that jolly undertaker, who is merrier than any mite that wall's. The old year shall die, as huntsman Moody did, with a cheer about his bed, and brimming glasses raised above his body.

Old Father Christmas has made the householders in the suburbs nervous and anxious. The holly trees and the laurels which struggle through their smutty town life, and shed their leaves as black as though they mourned in a wretched lot, will be pulled up by the roots, and carried off in the night by desperate velvet men, and if their owners ever see them again, it will be seen swinging over a potato shop, and marked 6d. Christmas brings patty lacy as well as beef and pudding and laughter. The carriage drives in the country will be visited, and the mould of the shrubberies be trodden hard by boots with nails in them. Branches with red berries, glowing like cigar ends, will be torn off at midnight, and the bark be lagnated about the white stump that marks where the branch once grew. Perhaps we may have, sticking in the top of our own plum-pudding, a sprig of the very bough which caused a reward of £5 to be offered on the conviction of the purloiner. Never mind—we'll eat our slice, if we can, and send the plate up a second time! The pudding is innocent, although it does keep bad company!

So here's a jolly Christmas to all men!—for who says Christmas is not a peacemaker? The stomachs are too full for anger to find its dark corner to hide in. Plum-pudding turns it out—strong ale drowns it. See those poor gruel-fed mortals who call the workhouse home. In their grey coats, in their blue-striped gowns, husband, wife, and child have once in the year eaten side by side; they have laughed merrily over their smoking plates, and the beef has given them such courage, that if you told them all men were equal, they would say, "Yes—very nearly," even though an overseer was in the room. Even in the prison, the convicted and the trespasser have the punishment of toil suspended, and birds perch on the treadmill steps, and the ladders raised by oakum-picking are left to heel. For one day, Christianity forgets and forgives, and tread is broken in peace.

We are told, and there seems to be no doubt of it, that the rejoicings at Christmas time have taken the place of the feasts which were formerly held in honour of Saturn. Many of the ceremonies are very similar. The very feeling of equality and brotherly love which characterizes the conduct of all men at Christmas time, is, the antiquarians state, derived from the ancient Saturnalia, when to teach the fortunate among mankind humility, masters were made to wait upon their servants; and for once Jeanes and Mary were allowed to fume and rave if "mis-us" was late with the dinner, or "master" didn't answer the bell as soon as it was rung. When the blessings of Christianity spread over the world, men turned from their idols; but they could not, it would seem, so easily break away from their customary feasts and rejoicings. So they still continued their merry-makings, merely altering the purport and intention of the ceremonies. They treated their feasts as they did their temples, destroying their idols, but preserving the building.

Formerly the festivities of Christmas lasted for twelve days. They began a week before Christmas Day, and were kept up till the old year was dead and gone, and the new one had taken possession of the almanack. Several days before the 25th, the poor people had a custom of going about with a vessel-cup, and singing carols before the houses; and in order to insure success to the undertaking, they started the superstition that to send a vessel-cup singer away from the door unrequited was to forfeit the luck of all the approaching year.

On St. Thomas's Day, the custom was "to go a gooding," which seems to have been done by women only; and in return for the charity-money they received, they presented the givers with sprigs of evergreen to decorate their rooms with. St. Thomas has been styled by a witty author the gentleman-in-waiting to Father Christmas "placed to usher us into the hall of seasonable festivity, for the moment he takes us by the hand we hear the clatter of dishes and the crackling of sticks in the kitchen, and even his breath, as he bids us welcome, is redolent in perspective of savoury things."

After the old dames had finished their "gooding trip," the little boys and girls made a begging excursion to different houses. They bounced and beat at every door, with blows and lusty slaps, and sang a song or two, and then peas, nuts, plums, and pence were distributed among them, for they too had a superstition to back their claims—those who refused being tormented by "sprites, and cankered witches, and dreadful devils, black and grim," and such-like agreeable personages.

## THE HOLLY CART.

"HOLLY, holly, holly!" Such has been the well-remembered cry, shouted by stentorian lungs, throughout the past week; and "Holly, holly, holly!" will be shouted still more lustily on this day (Saturday), when most of the purchases for Christmas Day will have been made. "Holly, holly, holly!" Here's a beautiful bunch, marm; as full of berries as ever it can stick!" Yes, we must candidly admit there are plenty of berries this year; and if we admit of the saying that an abundance of berries betokens a hard winter, then shall we have plenty of frost and snow ere the winter of 1866-7 closes.

We do not, however, anticipate the face of the country appearing just yet in the wintry garments as represented in our front engraving. But a Christmas picture would not be complete without its snowy mantle—its falling flakes covering trees, roofs, paths, and meadows with a whiteness which brings to mind many a similar Christmas in days gone by. "Holly, holly, holly!" For into the woods, climbing up the gnarled roots of many a sturdy oak, and along the snowy branches, cutting from here and there bunches of mistletoe, destined to bring many a blush on the mantling cheeks of maidens fair. Who can tell how many will give, ay, and gladly receive, the favoured kiss beneath that prime branch now falling on the crisp snow beneath. But then, we will not wander into that mystic region, so long as—

"The mistletoe hangs in the well-lit hall,  
And the holly branch shines on each of our walls;  
And we, with our friends, are busy  
Keeping our Christmas hall gay."

"Holly, holly, holly!" Welcome the ever old donkey, with its green load freshly cut from hedge and tree. Shout out, ye little



ones. Mount ye on the tables and chairs. The holly cart is at your door. Round the pictures, round the glasses, in the candlesticks, in the windows—in every nook and corner place the holly; and from the centre of the ceiling let your mistletoe be suspended! "Holly, holly, holly! Green holly!" Onward goes the holly-cart.

#### PAT'S CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE DIGGINGS.

DEAR pariahs,—I write ye this letter (Ye'll see by the crass for my name); If it reaches ye so much the better, If not, let me hear of the same; If ye're living, of course, as my trust is— If dead, though, for holy Pat's sake, To believe, please to do me the justice— I couldn't get home to your wake!

Malt whisky, they make out of peaches; They've animals called kangaroos, With pockets—though never a breeches The natives, in general, use! (Which reminds me a dhurty black negur I kilt—though he isn't quite dead— The naked spalpeen was so eager That on his coat-tail I should tread.)

The cherry-stones here, against nature, Outside of the cherries are stuck; Last Thursday I shot a dumb crature, That's either a dog or a duck. It appears there's conflicting opinions Which species belong to he must; So, to squar it, we stuffed him with inions, And baked him in puppy-pie crust.

I might have sent more; but a stranger Who coupled his fortunes with mine (Whom, hearing he'd been a "Bushranger," I judged in the gardening line, And therefore a good hand at diggin'), Thought fit with my gold to decamp— When he's hanged, as I hope, for the priggig, I'll seek my revenge on the scamp.

My love to the pig and to Biddy, (The former, I hope, cut up fair), To her husband—suppose she's a widdy— Explain that no malice I bear. What, with crossing sea, channel, and isthmus, I've lost count of time and of space, But, at least, I can say, "Merry Christmas!" Direct from my heart—the right place.

R. B. K.



BRINGING IN CHRISTMAS GAME.

It's a mighty rum place this Australia— They say many thousand miles wide— But its health must be rather a failure, Considering its got no inside; Or, at least, to get at its interior, They've tried till they find they must stop; Of the earth 'tis the side most inferior, Ould Ireland's acknowledged the top!

Here gold, in the place of pitaytees, Ye dig, or pull up by the roots; Here a gentleman's bus'ness to wait is At table, or polish your boots. Though we eat off the floor in straw-stockings, And find it dry work, ankle-deep, In cold water, 'mid loud cradle rockings, Defying a babby to sleep.

Excuse this disjointed epistle, I've sprained my left hand and can't spell! Not a singing-bird here that can whistle! No rose that has learnt how to smell! The house-sparrows all are red parrots, Who chatter in outlandish brogues; Wealth, livid servants, and chariots, Are punishments, here, for the rogues!

I send you a trifling remittance: Supposing it's thieved on the way, I beg that the whole of the pittance To punish the villain you'll pay. And inform me if all has gone pleasant (The dodge of a false name I've tried, Which I'd rather not mention at present, So please to direct it inside.)

#### BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS GAME.

HAVING fully described our other illustrations, which allude more particularly to olden times, our space will not allow us to enlarge on the engraving here given; nor is it necessary. It is a modern picture; and when we see the immense quantities of game hanging before the poulterers' shops, and when we know of the hundreds of baskets and hampers of game usually sent out and up to town as presents from the preserves of the nobility, we can readily understand that our illustration is no exaggeration.

#### CHRISTMAS IN ARCADIA.

This is another engraving, which requires no comment from us; for, if we began to criticise each face, and analyse the feelings of the numerous individuals shown in the illustration on page 437, a column would not suffice; hence we leave our readers to amuse themselves with the pleasing task of entering upon that matter.





AN IRISH LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA. (See page 436.)



CHRISTMAS IN ARCADE. (See page 436.)



## OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS ALMSGIVING.

ONE of the most holy feelings connected more especially with the season is that of liberality. By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, the heart of man is opened and warmed towards his fellow creatures at the time when, from the inclemency of the season, the sufferings of his poorer brethren are more acute, and less easily borne than at any other period. While hospitality reigns among people of equal rank, the disposition to relieve the wants of the less fortunate is impressed upon his mind by the services of the Church, and by many old traditions, both in prose and verse, which have reached our day. We find that in olden time it was the custom for the squire of the parish,

"With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,  
To call in his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor, able to make a cat speak and a man dumb;"

and, in addition to the marvels here related, we read that Queen Elizabeth was so much opposed to her country gentlemen dissipating their time in London, and neglecting those dependent upon them for support, that in a letter written by her orders, "The gentlemen of Norfolk and Suffolk are commanded to depart from London before Christmas, and repair to their counties, there to keep hospitality among their neighbours." On the morning of Christmas Day, when the Lord of the Manor, surrounded by his wife and family, and attended by the senechal of his household, and some special retainers, would proceed to the porch of his mansion, where were assembled all the deserving poor of the district, a carol would be sung, with perhaps a few additional verses, roughly improvised in honour of their benefactor, and then, in the presence of his master, the senechal would commence the distribution of the alms. Money, clothing, and food, were liberally dispensed; and while her husband had a kind word or two for all his tenantry, the generous lady of the mansion would turn her attention to their wives, soothing the complaints of many an ancient crone with tangible benefits, and bringing the blush to the cheek of many a comely village girl, by hinting that the Christmas gift was but a contribution to the new home and house-keeping which was expected in the coming year. Nor were the children passed over in the general benevolence, but were liberally supplied with "sweetmeats" and other dainties, which were brought to them by urchins of their own age, the sons and daughters of the Squire.

So, at the Christmas season, almsgiving was most rigidly observed, and with the most beneficial results both to donors and recipients; a bond of union, already existing between them, was strengthened, misery driven from the door, and her place taken by open-handed Plenty, of whom good John Gay says:—

"See, see, the heaven-born maid her blessings shed,  
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head,  
Clothed are the naked and the needy glad,  
While selfish avarice alone is sad."

**YELLOW FEVER AT DEMERARA.**—The *Demerara Royal Gazette* of the 22nd ult. says:—"We regret to say that yellow fever has played sad havoc among the troops in the garrison, and particularly among the men of the 16th Regiment. On the 10th inst. such of them as survived and were capable of removal were shipped off to Barbadoes in a brigantine, as their only chance of safety. When the disease first made its appearance, had the troops been at once removed to Berbice, the Arabian coast, or the neighbourhood of the Penal Settlement, the probability is that they would now have been enjoying good health, as it is a remarkable fact that, although yellow fever is among the shipping, not a single case has occurred in Georgetown or the neighbourhood, except at the garrison. Lieutenant Platt was attacked on the night of the 7th inst., died on the 10th, and was buried on the following afternoon, with military honours. The unfortunate outbreak of yellow fever at the garrison has led to much discussion, not only in the Court of Policy, but out of doors. A committee was appointed to confer with the military authorities, but in consequence of the removal of the troops the action of the committee has been practically checked. This is to be regretted, as it is very desirable that the cause of the prevalence of yellow fever at the garrison should, if possible, be ascertained, with a view to prevent the recurrence of the evil at some future day, and for the credit of the colony, which will probably suffer. When the great mortality among the troops comes to be reported in England every one will at once ascribe it to the climate, and British Guiana will be looked upon as a 'soldier's grave,' because no proper efforts have been made to investigate the matter. Some of the members of the Court of Policy were inclined to think that the fever was to be ascribed to the flushing of the garrison trenches with salt water, but, as it happens, the trenches in Kingston have for a long period of time, probably always, been flushed with salt water, and how comes it that although there are streets to the westward and south-westward of the garrison grounds, and the district is well populated, the fever has not touched a single victim in Kingston? The remarkable fact that, while the troops were more than decimated by yellow fever, not a solitary case occurred in Georgetown, not even among those who live in the immediate vicinity of the garrison, shows beyond all doubt that the mortality is owing, not to the climate, but to some special local cause which the military authorities have not taken the trouble to investigate, or have not had the keenness to discover. It is hard that the sickness should be ascribed to the climate, when there are strong facts to show that the climate has nothing to do with it, beyond this, perhaps, that European troops are brought from a country where the cold is severe direct to a warm country, instead of a change in their position being gradual. It is said that the garrison doctor objected at first to the man being removed to another locality; if so, much of the blame of the mortality which followed must be laid on his shoulders."

We (*Athenians*) are sorry to see that the friends of Mr. Henry Phillips, so long our most redoubtable bass singer, find it necessary to appeal to the public in his behalf, a subscription having been announced.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience or expense by eating Dr. Barry's delicious health restoring Invalid and Infants' Food, the Rev. Dr. Arabia, which yields three times the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and gives fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of His Holiness, the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, R. gent street, London. 1 tin at 1s. 14d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 2s.; 24lbs. 4s. At all grocers. (Advertisement.)

**THROAT DISEASE.**—Brown's Bronchial Tonic, which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarse-ness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 14d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarse-ness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recourse to them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." Sold by all chemists. (Advertisement.)

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\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

**INQUIRY.**—"The Guide to the Law, for General Use," contains all the requisite information relative to masters and servants, apprentices, husband and wife, divorce, debtor and creditor, bankruptcy, parent and child, seduction and affiliation, bills and notes, contracts of every description, buyer and seller, companies, partnerships, wills, executors and trustees, friendly and industrial societies, shipping and seamen, &c., &c. The clearness and accuracy of the work, the quantity of information contained in it, and its moderate price, fully account for the fact that a fourth edition is already on sale. It is published by Stevens and Sons, No. 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn, price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d. post free.

**IMPORTANT TO FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.**—The vast expansion of these associations, the immensity of the interests involved in them, and the necessity for the working classes to have a full knowledge of their position and progress, present a subject of the utmost importance to the contemplation. Books on the topic may, therefore, be expected from the pens of gentlemen of the legal profession; and we observe that one of a very useful nature has just been published, entitled "The Statutes relating to Friendly, Industrial, and Provident Societies, with an Introduction and copious Notes," by Arthur Lamb, barrister. The book is written expressly for members of friendly societies, enabling them to see at a glance what the law is on any point upon which they may seek information. It is published by Hardwicke, No. 192, Piccadilly, price 1s., or 1s. 2d. post free.

**"RULE BARTANZIA."**—A correspondent points out that in the second verse of this celebrated song there is an inaccurate use of grammar, which it strikes him could be easily amended, and without impairing the spirit of the lines. It occurs in the first line:—

"The nations not so blest as thee,"

Here the rules of grammar evidently require *thou*, which, if substituted, leaves the third line to be dealt with, in order to secure the rhyme. And our correspondent would propose to make the line run thus:—

"While thou shalt flourish free as now,"

The whole stanza thus altered would read:—

"The nations, not so blest as thou,

Send in their turn to tyrants fall;

While thou shalt flourish, free as now,

The dread and envy of them all."

The only sacrifice here made is that of the epithet "great" **ERNEST.**—You must employ a London solicitor to search for the will at Doctors' Commons, giving him all the requisite particulars. The search costs only a shilling, besides the lawyer's usual fees. If a copy be required, the price depends on its length, the average being about thirty shillings. If you do not know a respectable attorney, send us your address, and we will recommend you one.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	M.	A. M. P. M.	
22	W	Winter commences...	1 48 2 14
23	S	Fourth Sunday in Advent ...	2 41 3 6
24	M	Sun rises, 8h. 7m.; sets, 5h. 52m.	3 31 3 54
25	T	CHRISTMAS DAY ...	4 18 4 41
26	W	Wilkes died, 1797 ...	5 4 5 27
27	T	Abolition of hereditary peerage in France, 1831	5 51 6 14
28	F	Lord Macaulay died, 1859 ...	6 39 7 2
		Meon's changes.—Last quarter, 28th, 7h. 23m. p.m.	
		Sunday Lessons.	

## MORNING.

Isa. 30; Acts 23.

## AFTERNOON.

Isa 32; 1 John 3.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—55th, Christmas Day; 26th, St. Stephen 27th, St. John; 28th, Innocent's Day.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE year 1866 has been fruitful in disasters. Opening with the hurricanes which wrecked the London, and played such havoc among our coast shipping, desolating so many homes among our seafaring population, it has witnessed, among successive troubles at home and abroad before it closes its record, one of the most terrible disasters ever known in an English mine. Five years ago the Hartley Colliery disaster aroused the sympathies and shocked the feelings of all throughout the country, arousing the Queen herself from the first grief of her widowhood to pity the hundreds of new-made widows and orphans. But the Hartley disaster, terrible as it was, and great as was the loss of life which it occasioned, was far behind the present catastrophe. 209 lives were estimated to have been lost on that occasion, while at Barnsley there is, unhappily, little reason to doubt that nearly 400 men and boys were killed by the first explosion, and that between twenty and thirty gallant volunteers sacrificed their lives in the vain attempt at rescue. It is said on credible authority that 430 lamps were issued to the miners, and as only two or three were returned, there is too much reason to fear that the loss of life is rather greater than less than the estimate. Of the nineteen brought up alive some have since expired, and few are able to give an intelligible account of the catastrophe. For the most part they can remember nothing but the blaze of fire and cloud of dust which knocked them down and rendered them insensible till brought to the surface. Such unconsciousness of their awful position was indeed a blessing, but in some cases it was not granted. Most touching is the account of a lad of thirteen, who died after being taken home, only saying, "Oh, dear! will nobody come and take me out?" The scene at the mouth of the pit was of the most harrowing description. Wives and mothers and children in agonising suspense, unable themselves to assist the rescue unable to do anything but linger at the fatal spot in maddening inaction. It is no wonder that the brave Englishmen around looking on at their sufferings and remembering the total desolation most probably awaiting their little homes, should push gallantly to the verge of recklessness, and should volunteer to continue search after search only to add more valuable lives to those already sacrificed. One of the last band of volunteers was marvellously rescued after all hope was abandoned. Those whom the first explosion spared were but too probably sacrificed by the second, in which the band of volunteers perished, and the desolation of the district is almost unparalleled. By a most singular coincidence, which, perhaps, men of science can explain to be something more than a coincidence, another terrible accident of a similar character occurred on the very next day in another part of the country. In North Staffordshire, an explosion took place in a coal mine surpassing in fatality any yet known in that vicinity.

THE speech delivered by King Victor Emmanuel before both houses of the Italian parliament at the opening of the session on Saturday can hardly be surpassed in importance by any address pronounced on a similar occasion. 25,000,000 Italians heard, for the first time since the palmy days of the Roman empire, that they were an independent and united nation. "Our country," said the King, "is henceforth free from all foreign domination." As the last French corps only left Civita Vecchia on Thursday, the congratulations of the King would, three days before, have been premature. For this inestimable blessing—the unlimited control over their own destinies—the Italians were told that they are indebted, first to themselves, to their own concord and energy, which won them the respect and goodwill of civilized nations, and, next, to the aid of powerful alliances. Indeed, those who know with what feelings the King, the Government, and all the Conservative majority of the people of Prussia looked upon Italian aspirations in 1848 and 1859 must regard the help which the cause of Italy received at the hands of Count Bismark in 1866 as almost the result of Providential interposition. But, by whatever strange and unforeseen combination of circumstances the emancipation of Italy may have been brought about, she stands now on as safe a basis as any other European community—not only, as King Victor Emmanuel puts it, on account of the valour of the Italian people, or because "the very bulwarks which served to oppress them" are now in their possession, but also because the neighbours who have overrun Italy for so many centuries have found out from long experience that it is far easier to invade and to ravage that fertile land than to turn its possession to any good and peaceful, profitable purpose for themselves. Italy, who by her own unaided effort might, perhaps, never have expelled either the Frenchman or the German, has fairly, and let us hope



for ever, wearied out both of them. It will be natural for all readers to look into the King of Italy's Speech for allusions to the future fate of the Papacy. The times are, however, not yet mature for any open declaration by the King on that subject. The September Convention, as we all know, has been honourably observed on both sides. The French have evacuated the Pontifical territory, the Italians have respected it. Beyond that, the King could only venture on some rather oracular expressions. Neither he, nor the Pope, nor the Emperor of the French has any distinct idea as to what may happen next. Italy is on the best terms with the French Emperor, the Italian people are good Catholics, the Romans are moderate, the Pontiff is wise. With so many elements favourable to a happy solution, the Roman question may, perhaps, present no very insurmountable difficulties, and the means may be found of conciliating the interests of the Catholic Church with the aspirations of the Italian nation so as to find room for the juxtaposition of all conflicting principles and interests in Rome.

#### FEARFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

On Wednesday afternoon week, about half-past one o'clock, one of the most disastrous explosions which has ever occurred in the South Yorkshire district took place at the Oaks Colliery, the property of R. Micklethwait, Esq., and leased by Messrs. Firth, Barber, and Co., situate midway between Barnsley and Ardsley, and contiguous to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Not many years have passed away since the heart of the nation was wrung with the catastrophe of the Hartley Colliery in the north, which was almost paralleled by another, happily not so calamitous in its results, but still causing a vast amount of loss of human life, at Edmund's Main, and now we are called upon to record an accident which appears to be the most appalling and direful in its results of any that has heretofore happened. The disastrous effects of an explosion of fire-damp have been often felt in collieries in all parts of the country, and the West Riding has not by any means escaped, for on many occasions calamities of a fearful nature have occurred, involving the loss of large numbers of human lives. Especially has this been the case at the Oaks Colliery, which has been subjected to several explosions, the most extensive being in 1847. At that time the colliery was a new and comparatively small one. Since then new shafts have been sunk, acres of coal have been worked, and the pit is now most extensive; its workings extending several miles in the direction of the village of Cudworth. It is stated that at the time the explosion occurred some of the men would be two and a-half miles from the shaft. The total number of men employed is 400, and on Wednesday week at noon between 300 and 400 were engaged in the various workings. When the explosion took place the report was heard miles away, and the force was so great that several pieces of wood were blown through the upcast along with the smoke and dust to the surface. The whole neighbourhood was shook as by an earthquake. It was accompanied by a tremendous roar, as of distant thunder, but heavier and more terrible. The sound was one not to be mistaken, and from all directions frantic women and terrified children hurried to the pit, only to learn that the fathers, and sons, and brothers they had parted with on the early morning were lost to them for ever. The anxiety depicted on their faces as they hastened almost breathless to the place, no language can adequately describe. Their wail of sorrow when the extent of the disaster became known was heart-rending. For a time they clustered around the pit bank, eagerly watching the ascent of the chair, in the hope of seeing some of their relatives brought to the surface. Few, indeed, were thus gratified; and it was soon found absolutely necessary to press back the crowd that the necessary arrangements for entering the pit and learning the extent of the disaster might be proceeded with. On proceeding to examine the shafts, it was found that the blast in its course up No. 2 shaft had smashed the chair and otherwise damaged the working gear to such an extent as to render it impossible to work it until it had undergone extensive repairs. Considerable damage had also been done to No. 1 shaft, but fortunately not of so serious a nature as to prevent its being used. With the most terrible forebodings, a party of men slowly and cautiously descended the pit. On reaching the bottom of the shaft they found gathered there over twenty men, scorched and much affected by the after-damp. They were near the pit bottom when the explosion occurred, and knew nothing as to its seat or the cause. They were at once sent to the bank and properly attended to. The party who had descended the pit then attempted to explore the workings, but they had not proceeded far before a sight met their eyes that excited the most painful misgivings as to the fate of the whole of their companions. Lying side by side were the corpses of thirty-eight men and boys who had been overtaken by the blast. Blackened, scorched, and disfigured were they, and some almost past identification. When information of this discovery reached the bank a thrill of horror ran through the crowd assembled, and the most anxious inquiries began to be made as to the fate of missing friends. As quickly as possible arrangements were made for the removal of the bodies, and an attempt was made to further explore the working. This task was attended to with great difficulty and danger.

More distressing were the scenes witnessed at the houses of the poor pitmen as the charred and blackened corpse of the "bread winner" or the well-loved son was brought home. Women and children stood in groups, wondering as each mournful procession came up which was the house into which it would turn. In some rows, the occupants of almost every house seemed to expect the arrival of the lifeless forms of one or more loved ones. "I have lost two sons," said one stalwart-looking man, and his voice quivered and tears rushed down his cheeks. He had left the pit to go to his dinner, and was just laying down his pipe to return, when he heard the explosion. He was one of the first to go down the pit, and almost the first thing he saw was one of his sons lying by the side of the pony he drove, both dead. The poor lad was much disfigured, and the pony was slung and two of its legs broken. The father caught the lad up in his arms and brought him to the bank, and then returned to seek the other, but hours after he had not been found. A remarkable incident occurred in connexion with the death of the thirty-eight men whose bodies were first found. It is supposed that on their hearing the explosion they hastened from their different workings, and meeting, took each other's arms, and proceeded down to the main road. Here they were overtaken by the deadly after-damp; fell linked in each other's arms, and died. In this position they were afterwards found.

About six o'clock on Thursday morning week, thirty-seven volunteers went down to relieve some of those who had been

working; but sixteen afterwards came up, and seven more went down. All went on pretty smoothly until about nine o'clock, when the signal was given from the bottom to draw up, and the cages came up several times crowded with the volunteers, who stated that they felt the usual indications of an explosion—the air being sucked away from them. Just as one body of men had landed, and whilst a number of their companions remained in the pit, an explosion took place without doing any considerable damage to the top part of the machinery. This was followed shortly afterwards by a second, which threw up a vast quantity of dirt, covering several of those who were in the vicinity of the pit bank with dirt, and sending the cage in a smashed condition into the top gearing. All persons were now warned off the ground, as it was evident that, contrary to expectation, the pit was on fire. Of course the efforts of all parties were paralysed, as it was plain that nothing could be done to save those who had descended on their errand of mercy, and who in so doing had been sacrificed. Among those who have lost their lives were Mr. Parkin Jeffcock, of Sheffield, a member of a wealthy family long connected with the coal trade of South Yorkshire; Mr. David Tewitt, of Newcastle, the steward at the Oaks; Mr. W. Barker, the under-viewer; and Mr. C. Siddons and his son, who were the deputies; Mr. Smith, the manager of the Lund-hill Colliery; and several others not connected with the Oaks Colliery.

The following is from a Barnsley letter of Sunday:—

"The Sabbath bells, inviting people to the house of prayer, have not called in vain this morning, for the churches and chapels were filled with congregations more numerous, more solemn, more expectant than common; and the services have naturally taken their tone from the great sermon lately preached from the Oaks Colliery by a preacher whose voice is not heard in vain. To-day there is a common ground upon which Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, can stand undivided, prompted by that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Large congregations have been attracted to hear the Bishop of Ripon, who has come here to-day on purpose to preach three sermons in aid of the sufferers. The other congregations have also been invited to give practical proof of their sympathy with the lost and suffering. While many have gone to worship, more have gone to visit the scene of the catastrophe. The towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire have laden the trains, both ordinary and special, and it is not too much to say that thousands of strangers have arrived. In the evening the station was so crowded that danger was apprehended from the crush. The pit, as before, is deserted, and the police are carrying out their orders with commendable strictness. Persons are not allowed to stand near the euphonia shaft, which, with momentary expectation of explosion, is again being filled up with earth. The result of these regulations is that the continual arrivals pass on; wander through the streets of the hamlet of Hoyle Mill, where more than every other house shows signs of mourning, and wait in different places for the funerals. The roads to the colliery are alive with pedestrians and carriages, some going, others returning. The interments are being conducted in the most private manner, save the crowds who witness them. At Ardsley, about a mile distant, a large square grave has been provided in the green churchyard, on the hill side, by Mr. Micklethwait, the owner of the surrounding land. It will contain thirty coffins laid three abreast and two in length, making a total of five layers. Each neat coffin of oak-stained deal is enclosed with brick partitions and covered in with stone slabs. Owing to the rains, a portion of one of the sides fell in this morning, and the burials had to be delayed for an hour or two. At morning service two brothers were lowered simultaneously to join a third coffin previously deposited. The mourners were few, and there was no attempt at processional display. About a hundred spectators, evidently natives of the district, surrounded the ample sepulchre, treading the grass of other graves into the mounds raised above them as they listened reverently to the service for the dead. Other funerals, after the same fashion, but with more miscellaneous witnesses, took place subsequently, and are now taking place both at Ardsley and the cemetery on the outskirts of Barnsley and Monk Bretton. About twenty-eight corpses were buried in Ardsley churchyard, and twenty-two in the cemetery. In the latter the Bishop of Ripon officiated."

The following is from a Barnsley letter of Monday:—

"The spectacle of the Barnsley Cemetery was a touching one. The grounds, one portion of which is laid out in an ornamental and a tasteful manner, and divided from the other by a sort of stone screen, were crowded by lookers-on, but a road was readily cleared for the mourners, and the utmost sympathy was manifested for them as they passed. The interments, which were nearly thirty in number, took place in separate graves, the officiating clergymen being the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. C. F. Cobb, M.A., the Rev. James W. Muscroft, M.A., the Rev. J. Crump, M.A., the Rev. C. Cutting, B.A., and the Rev. Mr. Binder. The grief that was manifested was heartrending. In some cases the deceased were boys, and were followed by their parents and brothers and sisters; in others they were men, and were followed by their widows and children, and in many cases by their aged parents. Two coffins, borne by young men, contained the bodies of two boys named Walmesley, brothers, and they were followed to the tomb by relatives, but their parents were at home, the father being blind through the effects of the explosion which had killed the son, and the mother bed-ridden. Very few persons failed to notice the violent grief of a stalwart man as he walked from the church to the graveside of his brother. Tall and powerful, towering head and shoulders above the majority of those around him, yet sobbing like a child, he seemed to struggle hard to keep down his emotion, but his heart was full, and he raised his hands in agony and allowed the tears to flow unrestrained. At length the body of his brother, Henry Rothwell, was lowered to its last resting-place, and the stalwart man seemed to lose his reason. He began to throw his arms wildly about, to gaze intently towards the sky, and to exclaim, 'He was my brother! he was my brother!' There was no incoherence in the words, but there was a strangeness and violence of manner which showed that reason was necessary. Powerful hands were laid upon him, in all friendliness and with a deep feeling of sympathy, but he wrenched himself from them, exclaiming, 'He was my brother!' The depth and intensity of his emotion were not of the common order; and it was evident that he was suffering from a sort of hysterical fit. With great difficulty he was conveyed to the house near the gates, and a pot containing water was placed to his lips. He broke the pot with his teeth and ground it to small pieces. The melancholy processions continued until dusk, and deep emotion was depicted in every case. What the emotion of those whose relations are still in the burning mine must be, no words can tell."

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#### FEARFUL COAL PIT EXPLOSION IN STAFFORDSHIRE

To the appalling explosion at Barnsley we have to add another almost equally disastrous in Staffordshire. The North Staffordshire Coal and Iron Company (Limited) have collieries at Talk-o'-the-Hill, near Kidsgrove, and about four miles from Tunstall. The workings had been prosecuted to a depth of 300 yards, and the company had lately reached the lamby seam, or gas coal, which is found at this depth, and is known to be extremely dangerous, and to require the greatest possible care on the part of the workmen and others engaged, in order to avoid the risk of explosion and consequent loss of life.

It is in this seam that an accident has occurred far surpassing in magnitude, and in its calamitous effects, any which has yet taken place in the North Staffordshire coal-field, or the district. It is feared nearly 100 persons have perished.

With regard to the cause of the explosion nothing is yet definitely known, but the fact of false keys of the lamps used in the pit having been found on the bodies of a large proportion of the men who were killed goes far to indicate a cause. One man brought up on Saturday was found to be still alive when he reached the pit bank, but he died immediately afterwards. Two poor fellows were picked up with the upper portion of their skulls gone—taken clean off, as it cut through—and in one the skull from the forehead to the poll had been blown off, leaving the ears protruding above the cleft scalp. A heap of burnt and torn clothes, collected from different parts of the pit, was placed on the bank, and among it was a piece of a skull with some hair and part of a cap clinging to it.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF VOLUNTEER PRIZES.

The sixth annual distribution of prizes to the members of the North Middlesex Rifles, who had distinguished themselves in the various competitions during the year was held on Monday night, in St. Pancras Vestry-hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity by "citizen soldiers" and their friends. Mr. Thomas Chambers, Q.C., M.P., presided, and was supported on the platform by Lord Ranelagh, Mr. Harvey Lewis, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead, Major and Adjutant Carter (Queen's Westminster), Quartermaster Greene, and several of the other officers of the regiment. The men of the corps were drawn up at both sides of the hall, and the regimental band, which was stationed in the gallery, played at frequent intervals during the proceedings, which were throughout of a very interesting character. Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead, who was loudly and repeatedly cheered, in opening the meeting, said that the volunteer movement was no longer an experiment, but had now all the attributes of a permanently established institution. He was glad to be able to inform those whom he had the honour of addressing, and especially the friends of the North Middlesex Rifles, that the numerical strength of their regiment had been reinforced during the past twelve months. They had had sixty-seven recruits, as against fifty-three who had resigned, leaving a gain to the corps of fourteen, which was a small addition in itself, but still constituted a proof that its efficiency was not declining. They could not realize now the rapid increases which were made in the infancy of the movement, when enthusiasm was high, but he was confident that if ever an occasion arose thousands who now kept aloof would fly to the ranks of the volunteers to sustain their fellow-citizens in defence of their country. Since their last meeting a great war had been waged between Prussia and Austria, in which a mighty army had been destroyed, not so much on account of deficiency in numbers or physical strength as inferiority in the arms which it had used against an enemy provided with breech-loading rifles. Austria was now raising 1,000,000 soldiers, all told, while it was said that France was endeavouring to exceed that number by 200,000. Under such a state of circumstances England should be prepared, and so it was advisable that every branch of the army should be kept in the highest possible position of efficiency. After an allusion to the recent reception of the volunteers in Belgium, and having expressed a confident hope that the hospitality which had been extended to themselves in Brussels would be returned tenfold when the "citizen soldiers" of Belgium would pay a visit to England in 1867, the lieutenant-colonel concluded by thanking the men under his command for their exemplary conduct, not only during the past year but also during the entire period he had the honour to preside over the interests of the regiments. The chairman then called on Mr. Harvey Lewis, M.P. (who was compelled to leave at an early hour), to present the battalion challenge cup given by Mr. Peter Graham. Mr. H. Lewis said that he was greatly pleased at being allowed to take a part in the proceedings of the evening. He did not agree with some who said that non-efficients were not worth retaining on the roll, for they should remember that even though not equal to others of their comrades they still retained some of their military knowledge, and would be valuable as assistants in time of emergency. The chairman said that 4,000,000 soldiers—some said 5,000,000—were now being armed on the Continent, and England should be watchful when such an attitude of things was presented throughout Europe. A universal war was imminent, and we should use our exertions to promote the efficiency of our volunteer army. The moral influence of the movement was considerable, as recent events in Belgium proved, and it behoved all good men to assist in its development. The presentation then took place. After the prizes had been distributed, Lord Ranelagh, in reply to a vote of thanks, said that though the volunteers were able to perform evolutions in small bodies, they were not yet able to do so in collected masses. He recommended one uniform for all the volunteers. For this he gave several reasons. He concluded by expressing his satisfaction at being allowed to be present at the meeting of the evening. Votes of thanks were then accorded to the donors of prizes, and to the chairman, and after three cheers for the Queen had been given, the meeting terminated with the performance of the national anthem by the regimental band.

JUDGES PUZZLED.—A very curious case has come before the tribunal of a town in Bavaria. Two citizens of Bourberg having quarrelled, one of them, at a loss, no doubt, for reasons, and wishing to mortify his adversary, called him "Bismark." His adversary brought a complaint before the court for an outrage on his honour. The judges, it appears, were much embarrassed in pronouncing on the question; but in the end they rejected the plaintiff's demand and discharged the defendant, because it was impossible, they said, to decide whether the appellation "Bismark" did or did not involve an insult falling under the notice of the law.

SINGULAR.—Mrs. McClure, a farmer's wife, living near Quincy, Illinois, apparently died, and next day was buried in the vault near the house. On Wednesday groans were heard in the vault by some children, the coffin was opened, and the woman found alive. She had injured herself in attempting to force open the coffin, but is recovering.—New York Tribune.





CHRISTMAS, 1866. Drawn by Kenny Meadows. (See page 485.)





OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS ALMSGIVING.



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The pantomime which is to be produced at this theatre on the 26th, under the sole management of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and which has for several months past been in active preparation, will be of a character so original and costly, as quite to mark a new epoch in the annals of this sort of entertainment. The ever fruitful Arabian Nights supply the plot, which is nothing less than "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," a subject by the way, which though often previously handled is still ever fresh, affording as it does, such ample scope for new treatment, and possessing those excellent dramatic capabilities so essential to a piece of this class. The burlesque opening is from the pen of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the scenery from the pencil of Messrs. T. Grieve, Matt. Morgan, Walford, Grieve, Dayes, Perkins, Caney, and Thompson, the dances arranged by Mous. Desplaces, and the music by Mr. Montgomery, while the whole is produced under the immediate direction of Mr. Harris, a fact that in itself, no less than the engagement of the Messrs. Payne, speaks volumes of promise for the approaching season at this theatre. Subjoined is a brief outline of the plot:—Orchobrand (Mr. Lingham), a disreputable money-lender, who supports joint-stock companies and does a large business at eighty per cent., is discovered in his cabalistic office, where he is visited by Abdallah (Miss Kate Carson), the object of whose call is the renewal of a bill. Being a member of the "Forty Thieves' Club," and consequently extremely fast, Orchardbrand refuses, but on the solicitation of Abdallah, and a prospect of making something out of it, he consents to give three days' grace. About to deposit the document with others in his strong box he is surprised by the sudden appearance of the Genius of the Arabian Nights (Miss Bennett), who censures him severely for the course he is pursuing, threatens him with the consequences, and warns him of his inevitable doom at the hands of the Genii, who are watching his evil career. Abdallah returns delighted with his three days' grace, which with a proper disregard of his financial condition, he celebrates by a magnificent *fete* in the cavern. A neighbouring pacha is robbed, his wealth supplying the table and his Bayaderes and Circassian Almeses the guests. While the Forty Thieves, however, plunder the forest on the one hand, Ali Baba the wood-cutter (Mr. Payne) destroys it gradually on the other, picking up his bread, but very little of it by felling the trees. While bewailing his fate with Ganem, his son (Mr. Fred. Payne), and his donkey, he is seized by the Bagdad Inspector (Mr. Thompson), who, with his police, has been long on the look-out for the Forty Thieves, and for the captain of whom he takes Ali Baba to be. A scuffle frees Ali Baba, who with his son and donkey finds himself at the entrance of the thieves' cavern. In his flight he has been wiled hither by Dryadella (Miss Graham) and her sister wood nymphs, who, despairing of their lot, by the thieves on the one hand, and cut down, a sister falling with every tree, by Ali Baba on the other, determine to play off one evil against the other, help the wood-cutter to discover wealth to free him from the obligations of toll, and by his discovery hasten on the final destruction of the robber horde. He goes home, and to measure his newly-found wealth, sends Morgiana (Miss Harland) to borrow a sieve of his elder brother, Cassim (Mr. Sanger), who, suspecting something, is kind enough to come round himself. Cassim soon discovers the treasure, and worms the secret of its acquisition out of Ali Baba, who, however, refuses to tell where the cavern is situated. This difficulty is speedily cleared up by Ganem, who produces a carrot with which Cassim bribes the donkey. The latter, spite the efforts of the whole family, tears off for the cave with Cassim after him. Here the two arrive just after Abdallah has been seized, at the expiration of his three days' grace, in the very midst of his revels. Cassim is, of course, rapidly disposed of, but the donkey, evading the Thieves, makes good his escape, pursued, however, by Hassarac (Miss Sanger), who has succeeded to the command of the Forty. The plot now thickens, Hassarac having followed the donkey to Ali Baba's door, where he is met by Orchardbrand, who, under the guise of an old clothes man, supplies him with a merchant's dress, and forty jars labelled "Cod liver oil," with which he is to introduce himself and thieves into Ali Baba's confidence and premises. Morgiana, who makes use of the Inspector's weakness for her, to set justice diligently on his track, suspects Hassarac and his professions. Ali Baba, however, admits the stranger and his supposed oil, and after a slight skirmish between the Inspector and Ganem, who resents the former's attention to Morgiana, all is going well till night-time, when a series of catastrophes and discoveries take place in Ali Baba's garden. Ganem serenades Morgiana on the trombone, a method of declaring his heart in the right place which naturally awakens the whole neighbourhood. Ali Baba is aroused, and, armed with a blunderbuss, wreaks his vengeance on the cats. However, still nauiquet in his mind, he comes out with a ladder to see if any one is on the other side of the wall. Ganem has also brought his ladder, with a view to a short cut to Morgiana's chamber. Both father and son grope about in the dark, finally setting their respective ladders against each other. They meet at the top, with the natural denouement and consequences. The Inspector rushes in at the noise. Cogia rushes out with the watering-pot, and justice is dealt out pretty freely in the dark in every direction but the right; the Inspector being finally drenched and overcome. When all is again still Morgiana quits the house, hoping to meet Ganem, whose sole has managed to arouse her, but her lamp going out, she at once betakes herself to the cod liver oil hard by, to make the discovery that every jar contains a thief. At this crisis the Inspector revives, and in triumph announces that his plan is now about to be crowned with success. He motions to the police, who have been concealed, to approach; gets Morgiana to give Hassarac's signal, when the whole Forty Thieves rise up to be captured in a body by the Bagdad Police. Hassarac alone remains, but he has made the most of his time inside the house, having emptied the plate basket and robbed everybody he has come across. Ali Baba, who has been indulging freely in the bottle, calls for a dance, and Hassarac endeavours to turn it to account by stabbing his host, who joins, as well as he can under the circumstances, in the exhilarating amusement. At last Hassarac makes his grand coup, but is foiled by Morgiana, who has parried every thrust. He shouts for his thieves, but his call is answered by the Inspector, by whom he is seized. Justice is vindicated, as Orchardbrand rises to meet his doom and receive his sentence in "the Enchanted Home of the Genii, on the golden heights of Sam-dine." When it is added that the comic business is sustained by Mr. Fred Payne as Harlequin, Mlle. Esta as Columbine, Mr. Paul Herring as Pantaloon, and Mr. Harry Payne as Clown, and that one of the features of the after part will be a representation of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, it may be gathered that the management of this

great theatre has spared no pains or expense to maintain its reputation as the home of colossal spectacle.

**HAYMARKET.**—An amateur morning performance, by the kind permission of Mr. J. B. Buckstone, was given at this establishment on Saturday last, in aid of the General Theatrical Fund. Mr. Fred. Buckstone, following the example of other well-known authors, has lately entered that profession in which his father has, for so many years, distinguished himself. The entire performance was under the superintendence of this young aspirant to dramatic honours, and his first appearance before a London audience in his father's theatre was the event of this special occasion. After the first piece of "Old Phil's Birthday," which calls for no special remark, Mr. F. Buckstone was received with a perfect volley of applause when he came on the stage as Tom Dibles, in the farce of "Good for Nothing." This was well merited, for the young actor soon astonished many persons by his spirited performance of a part which has always been ranked among the best of those created by Mr. Buckstone, sen. The look and manner of the Haymarket lessee may be seen and noted constantly; but upon the possession of real comic talent of his own, we may heartily and unreservedly congratulate Buckstone, jun. He is thoroughly in earnest, and already has a perfect command of the stage. His success was unquestionable, and sufficient to establish the belief in his being competent to grapple with an original part. He was honoured with a call, and appeared, leading on Miss Nelly Moore, whose delightfully fresh, characteristic, and artless performance of Nan was another conclusive proof of her genuine talent as an actress. The character of Harry Collier was played efficiently by Mr. C. Collette, who was likewise called on. Mr. Arthur A'Beckett was an amusing Young Mr. Simpson, and Mr. J. P. Starker appeared as Charley. There was a full and fashionable audience, and the performance gave pretty general satisfaction.

The THEATRES are now nearly all closed preparatory to the general re-opening on Boxing-night, when they will all blaze forth with their pantomimes and burlesques, of which a full account of their plots, &c., will be given in our next.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE will be reopened for one night on Thursday next with the annual grand *Fal d'Opera*. Mr. Dan Godfrey is to conduct the band, which is to number eighty performers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The report about Signor Bottesini's engagement to conduct at the Royal Italian Opera is only partially true. Signor Bottesini will, we understand, conduct three nights weekly (non-subscription nights) it being Mr. Gye's intention, we understand, to perform every night in the week during the entire season.—*Musical World*.

MR. SOTHERN returns to the Haymarket on Boxing-night, when he will appear in Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy of "A Lesson for Life."

MR. J. L. TOOLE reappears at the Adelphi on Boxing-night as Roderick in Mr. Andrew Halliday's new burlesque of "Mountain Dhu."

THE OLYMPIC opens under new management next week.

THE PRINCESS, for the Christmas holidays, will revive, for Mrs. John Wood, Planche's popular extravaganza of "The Invisible Prince."

HARDEL's oratorio "Messiah" will be given on Christmas Eve, at Exeter Hall, by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. This will be the only occasion Mr. Santley will appear in the "Messiah" this Christmas at Exeter Hall. Miss Louisa Payne and other eminent artists are also engaged. Band and chorus nearly 700.

CHRISTY MINSTRELS.—This well-known sable troupe, at the St. James's Hall, have made unusual preparations for the Christmas holidays. Mr. Nelson Lee has furnished them with a shadow pantomime, full of fun, and in addition, the management has secured the services of Messrs. Pedro Sterling and Mudge, two of the principal members of the American Minstrels at the Polygraphic Hall, so that the burlesque department of the Christy's now includes the names of Messrs. G. W. Moore, Crocker, Adams, Sterling, and Mudge—a sure guarantee of plenty of laughter for the holiday folks.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A most admirable performance of Mendelssohn's great oratorio, "Elijah," was given on Friday, and the attendance, as might have been expected, was enormous. With no sacred work, not even the "Messiah," are the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society more thoroughly acquainted than with "Elijah." Its numerous and intricate beauties, its broad and massive harmonies, its masterly and erudite progressions, and the varied expressions of feeling involved in it, have—thanks to Mr. Costa's profound appreciation of the music and his indomitable zeal and industry in conveying the knowledge and inculcating the practice thereof—become familiar to the singers, and the execution of that unsurpassed sacred masterpiece is now a labour of nothing but love. The solo singers were Madame Lemmens-Shorrington, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. Santley, Tom Hohler, F. Walker, Carter, C. Heary, and Smythson.

MISS GLYNN'S READINGS.—The third Shaksperian reading, on Friday, the 14th, was devoted to the historic play of "King John." We never witnessed an audience so intensely moved at a reading, and seldom at a performance; and no one would have thought that such an effect could be created by the mere speaking of a play on a platform, without any aid from costume, scenery, or stage accessories. Of course, the scene in the French camp was the crowning act of the reading; but this stupendous scene, unparagoned in the whole drama for power and sublime pathos, was not the only point for express admiration. In the scene in the third act, with Arthur and Salisbury, where Arthur entreasts Constance to be content, the speech commencing—

"If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim"

was one of the special features of the reading, and was received with unbounded applause. It was, indeed, infinitely spoken. But not to Constance alone were the excellences of Miss Glynn's reading restricted. The parts of King John, Falconbridge, Prince Arthur, and Hubert, were delivered with exceeding force and discrimination, and each character was individualised with singular art. The scene between King John and Hubert, in which the murder of the young prince is hinted at, was one of Miss Glynn's eminent successes, and we cannot pay the fair reader a more direct or greater compliment than in saying that in reading the King's part she reminded us frequently of Macready. Not to speak further of a performance about which a critical essay might be written, we may conclude our brief remarks by saying that the reading of "King John" was a remarkable achievement, and that Miss Glynn has made a further advance in public estimation as an eloquent interpreter of Shakspeare's poetry and an admirable delineator of his characters.

THE ALLIED CIRCUS AND AMPHITHEATRE.—On the ground where a short time back stood the Standard, a circus, as stated in

our last, has been erected. The undertaking has been Mr. Douglass's, and his venture promises to be successful. The troupe of artists comprises some of the best from Sanger's Hippodrome, and is organized by Messrs. Powell, Footit, and C. Clarke. The manager is Mr. G. Llewellyn Pender, well known in the equestrian world. An enormous tent encloses the entire area of the late theatre, and accommodation is provided for five thousand spectators. That the chance of witnessing this kind of performance is fully appreciated by the Shoreditch public, is tolerably evident, for on Saturday evening last, the opening night, every seat was occupied, and many could not get in at all. In such an extensive and varied programme it becomes difficult to particularise, but we must more especially note the admirable vaulting over several horses, performed in succession, by the principal members of the company. Mr. Footit acts very efficiently as Clown in this interlude, and his taking what is called the "lion leap," over seven horses placed side by side, is an exceedingly graceful effort. The company includes representatives of every branch in circus riding, and the ladies muster in unusual numbers. Mrs. Footit, Mrs. T. Samwells, Madame Amella, Mdlles. Josephine, Victorine, Nictoring, Bulga Patma, La Petite Flora, and Madame Hayward all take part in the performances. Mr. Anthony Powell goes through an expressive pantomimic act called the "Homeward Bound Sailor," and Mr. Clarke takes his share in the general representation. Messrs. T. Samwells, Carnation, Le Jean (French rider), with Potter and Jennings, and Luigi and Laga (gymnasts), are members of the troupe. Abon-Hasson and Curtis and Bunham Monton are called "Arab Vaulters." M. Lalard introduces his performing bear. That attractive feature, a pony and monkey steeplechase, is provided; and the Brothers Eugene are supporters of the acrobatic interest in addition to those we have already named. Mr. Footit heads the list of clowns, which is completed by Messrs. Matthews, Barrie, Hogini (who conducts a burlesque military comic entry), Felix, *Le Petit Grimaldi*, and the Brothers Benhaumon. The exertions of the occupants of the ring were loudly applauded, and the public seemed totally regardless of the flapping canvas and unavoidable draughts which force their way through a canvas amphitheatre. A ballet d'action called "Father and Son" is placed at the end of the programme. In this Messrs. A. Powell and A. Clark appear. Mr. Hayward is leader of the brass band, and the other heads of departments are as follows:—Equestrian director, Mr. Pastor; Ring Masters, Messrs. Reuben and Jacques; Stud Groom, Mr. D. Macarte; Riding Master, Mr. Powell; Manager, Mr. J. How. The performances have been well attended throughout the week.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

THE attendance at the Room was characteristic of the dull season, the assemblage being small and the proceedings entirely devoid of interest. For the Two Thousand Guineas Plaudit monopolized the whole of the betting, nothing else being inquired after. But, notwithstanding the odds of 4 to 1 were taken several times, the same price was offered to the close, and the favourite was hardly so firm as he has hitherto been. For the Derby The Race is at present all the rage, 750 to 100 was asked for in several quarters, but bookmakers could not be induced to offer more than 7 to 1, although a single bet of 725 to 100 was actually laid. Plaudit was unmistakably out of favour. The hostilities commenced at the clubs in the morning, where one speculator laid 3,000 to 300 against him, and this was followed up here by persistent offers of 10 to 1. At first there was no response; subsequently, however, Major Elwon's colt was befriended to some extent, but not sufficiently to alter the tone of the market. Master Butterfly was backed for a "pony" at 28 to 1; and another in the same stable—Lord Hastings—was supported at 5,000 to 50. Neither the Palmer nor Marksman was in request, while the odds of 1,000 to 30 were offered against Vanban, the layer professing a desire to operate to the extent of £10,000, or any part of it. Soon after the Room opened 4,000 to 60 was taken about Van Amburgh, but 1,000 to 10 was subsequently offered against him without meeting with a response. The following are the quotations:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—4 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t and off).

THE DERBY.—725 to 100 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (t; 750 to 100 wanted); 10 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t and off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. R. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (t); 1,000 to 35 agst Sir J. Hawley's The Palmer (off); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Marksman (off); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. Fleming's Van Amburgh (t); 1,000 to 10 afterwards off; 5,000 to 50 agst Mr. R. Eastwood's Lord Hastings (t).

### AQUATICS.

GREAT BOAT RACE ON THE TYNE.—A scullers' race of considerable importance, and which, inasmuch as great expectations have been formed regarding the principals, had created much excitement amongst aquatic circles in the north, took place on the Tyne on Saturday, the competitors being James Taylor and T. Bright. The race was for £100, and the distance was the champion's stretch of two miles and a third—from the High Level at Newcastle to Meadow's House. Both men are members of the Albion Bowling Club, Newcastle, and the career of each has hitherto been peculiarly successful. Taylor is looked upon as one of the neatest and most scientific pullers on the Tyne. He handles his sculls with wondrous ease and dexterity, and, having only recently beaten Percy (in whose interest a match had almost been made several days ago with Harry Kelley, and who took up a match with Chambers after the championship of the Thames had been settled, but which is now off), it may be well understood how fondly Tynesiders are looking to him as being the coming man. He is one of a number of brothers, who have often competed against the Claspers; but he himself is the only member of his family who has come so prominently forward. In the course of a long series of performances he has only lost one race of importance, that being a match with the late Tom Candlish. After this defeat, he retired for some time, but coming forward last season, he beat Mattin and Wakefield, while this season he came out successfully against Percy and T. Clasper. Bright's performances, although not so numerous, have been equally promising, he having beaten Wakefield, Cl-land, and several others. He is not such a clean and easy puller as Taylor, but is full of game and is remarkable for his lasting powers. Both men were considered well matched, and each well supported. Betting when the preliminaries were settled, was tolerably even—if anything, Taylor had the preference. The start was level. The men shifted their position frequently till within a short distance of the winning post, when Bright fell back, Taylor winning by a length and a half. A capital race.



## Lato and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
MANSION HOUSE.

**A MAN CONCEALED IN A BANK.**—William Cornish, said to be a sailor, was charged before the Lord Mayor with being found concealed in a bank for an unlawful purpose. On the evening of Monday week, a young woman named Glasshill, who has charge of the offices of the Sydney Bank, in Cornhill, went into the board-room of the bank to close the shutters for the night. Every one connected with the establishment had then gone. The prisoner, emerging from below a table, seized her by the arm. He was an entire stranger to her. Being much frightened she screamed, and a messenger, named Ashby, went to her aid. The prisoner, pretending to be tipsy, exclaimed that he had taken a little too much rum, and as he was going to sea next morning he had strolled in there to lie down and sleep off the effects of the liquor, not thinking he was doing any harm. He gave the name of a ship lying at Cotton's Wharf, to which he said he belonged, but on inquiry no such vessel was found there. No housebreaking implements were found on him, and there was nothing to show that he was connected with any known thieves; but Edward Hancock, a City detective officer, proved that the prisoner was convicted at that court on the 26th of February last, on a charge of being concealed in a dwelling-house for an unlawful purpose, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment; and that in August, 1865, he had fourteen days' hard labour for an assault. In September, 1859, he was discharged from her Majesty's ship Spitfire. The witness added that there had been a number of petty robberies of late in banks and offices in the City, of towels, knives from drawers, and the like. The Lord Mayor sentenced the prisoner to six weeks' hard labour.

## CLERKENWELL.

**ENTRANAIRY CONDUCT OF A HUSBAND A DAY AFTER MARRIAGE.**—A respectable-looking young woman applied to Mr. Cooke for advice and assistance under the following remarkable circumstances:—The applicant stated that a fortnight since she was married by license, and the day after she was married her husband refused to live with her, and told her that she must support herself. Since then he had given her nothing towards her maintenance, and had even taken her clothes and all the money she had saved. She wished to know if he was not compelled to support her, and to live with her. Mr. Cooke asked her how it was that she had not found out the character of her husband before she had married him. The applicant stated that her husband produced to her written testimonials as to his character, and among them one from the rector of the parish of Islington. Since her husband had deserted her, she had been to the clergyman, and had ascertained that her husband had lived with that gentleman about ten years since. She thought it very hard that she should be deserted by her husband a day after she was married; but what made the matter worse was that he had taken the whole of her money, amounting to about £16, and he now intended to go off into the country. She did not know what the law might be, but surely she was entitled to her own money and her clothes, and if she was not she should like to know the reason why. It was hard to be married only one day, and then, whether you liked it or not, to be separated from your husband. Mr. Cooke told the applicant that, when she married, the whole of her property, without it was vested in trustees for her separate use, went to her husband. She had better go to the parish, and the authorities would take steps to bring her husband to justice, and that without delay. The applicant said that she considered it very hard to become a pauper as soon as she was married, and then left the court.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**OBTAINING A LARGE AMOUNT OF JEWELLERY BY FRAUD.**—Richard Twyford King, otherwise Captain King, Thomas Heywood, Kate King (wife of the first-named prisoner), and Georgina Maugham, were charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, at Marlborough-street Police-court, with conspiring to defraud Mr. John Noel, manufacturing jeweller, No. 52, Whitkin-street, Clerkenwell, of jewellery valued at £200. Mr. Lewis, solicitor to the Precious Metals Association, appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Edward Lewis for Heywood. Mr. John Noel said: I live in Whitkin-street, Clerkenwell, and am a manufacturing jeweller. The prisoner Heywood, who was known to me, called on Tuesday last, and read to me a letter which he said was written to a person named Brown. As far as I recollect, the letter was as follows:—

"Dear Heywood,—T. King, Esq., has come up to London with his wife and his wife's sister, and are about purchasing jewellery at Emanuel's. If you know any friend in that line I think it may be of service to you, as his wife's sister is about getting married. This letter will serve you as an introduction to T. King, Esq."

The prisoner Heywood read the letter twice to me, and I asked him who King was, and he replied "He is Captain King, son of Admiral King, and I never saw him in my life until last night." The prisoner added, "I will see him this afternoon, and tell him you will call on Thursday about eleven o'clock. That will be a good time, as he will then have breakfasted. I will tell him you will show him some jewellery suitable for a lady. Captain King knows nothing about jewellery, so you must charge him a good price and give me a commission." On Thursday I went to Wood's Hotel, Jermyn-street, and was introduced by a servant to a person who called himself King—both the female prisoners being in the room at the time. I said, "My name is Noel. I have come from Mr. Heywood." The prisoner King said, "Oh, yes, you have come about the jewellery," and he then told the women to leave the room, and they did so. After taking a seat at King's request, I produced a quantity of jewellery, and King selected articles to the amount of £68, and then said, "The invoice is not completed; when it is I shall give you a draft on my bankers." I asked who his bankers were, and he replied, "Smith, Payne, and Smith, in London." It was then arranged that I was to come again to the hotel on Saturday with a further stock. I left the £68 worth of jewellery with King in the belief that I was to have a draft on his bankers, and also because I believed his statements were true. I did not go to Wood's Hotel on Saturday, in consequence of a note I received, but King called on me in Whitkin-street. He came in a brougham, with the two female prisoners, whom he left in the brougham while I showed him some jewellery, and he made a selection to the amount of £140. The prisoner said, "Before I go I will give you my acceptance at my bankers, Smith, Payne, and Co." He told me he was Captain King, son of Admiral King, and that he was much obliged to his friend Heywood for introducing him. The prisoner

further said he could give his acceptance to Emanuel for six or nine months, but as I was a poorer man he would make it only six weeks. I then allowed the prisoner to take away the goods, but previously he filled up two acceptances for £100 for two and three months. I said, "I suppose I am dealing with an honest man?" and he replied, "Oh, yes." I parted with my goods on the faith of the statements made by King. On the following Monday morning I went at one o'clock to the banking-house of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Co., and in consequence of what I was told there I proceeded to Wood's Hotel, and on seeing King I told him I had been to the bankers, and was told he had no account there. I said to him, "Who are your bankers?" and he replied, "The Staffordshire Bank, Macclesfield branch." I said there was no such branch. King said there was, and he would make the acceptances payable there. Seeing the shuffling manner of King I left, not wishing to make any disturbance, and as I was about to leave King said he wanted some more goods, and that he thought I had come about the gold watches. I afterwards came to this court and applied for warrants. By Mr. D. Lewis: I have known Heywood about eight weeks, and I had a good opinion of him at first. He lives in Bloomsbury, but I do not know if he keeps the house. Before going to King I made inquiries about Heywood, and was told he was a respectable man. Samuel Noel said on one occasion he watched King from Wood's Hotel into the private compartment of a public-house, No. 479, Oxford-street. King left the house, and Heywood and Brown came out of the same compartment. Brown had been with Heywood to my father's house. Mr. Lewis said this was all the evidence he should produce at present, and he would ask for a remand. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded all the prisoners, and refused bail for Heywood. The police are of opinion that other charges are not unlikely to turn up, as the constables Ranger and Dowdell, who took King and Maugham into custody, found in their possession several tradesmen's books, showing that some months ago they lived at Grove-end-road, St. John's-wood.

**IMPUDENT THEFT.**—Thomas Jackson, described as a clerk, but who refused his address, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stealing a gold watch from the shop of Mr. Emmanuel Sampson, jeweller, of No. 34, Hanway-street, Oxford-street. Miss Betsy Burn said: I manage the business of Mr. Sampson, jeweller, of No. 34, Hanway-street. On Saturday evening the prisoner came into the shop and asked the price of a gold watch. I told him, and he took the watch in his hand, and then he walked out of the shop. I went to the door and called "Stop thief!" and a gentleman went after the prisoner, and with a constable brought him back. The watch was worth £1. Police-constable Foster, 98 C. On Saturday evening the prisoner walked past me in Oxford-street, and in consequence of what a gentleman told me I went after him, and told him that I should take him into custody for stealing something at a jeweller's shop. The prisoner denied having taken anything, but while on the way back to the prosecutor's shop he dropped the watch at his feet. On searching the prisoner at the station, I only found two pence upon him. The prisoner: I have no questions to ask. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner that he might be seen by the police.

## WORKSHIP STREET.

**JUSTICE WITHOUT THE SWORD.**—William Underwood, a pale-faced, dejected-looking boy, of 14 years, was charged with stealing a pair of boots, value 8s. 6d., from the doorway of a shoemaker's shop, 66, Whitechapel-road. The charge was proved and the prisoner had nothing to say. A careworn woman of middle age, dressed in faded mourning, and who had been weeping from the moment the lad was charged, here exclaimed, "Oh, pray, sir, deal mercifully with him. If he has done this thing it was from want, for his father, a dock labourer, has not had a stroke of work during the past month. Not any of us have tasted a bit of bread this day yet. My poor boy has done no wrong before this that I am aware of." Mr. Ellison: Very well, I shall remand him, for I must satisfactorily ascertain what his character is; but if his father likes to attend and bail him out he may. The prisoner stands remanded for a week, and (to the usher) let this poor creature have a meal's victuals and a half-crown. The boy was locked up, and his mother sobbed her way out of court.

## THAMES.

**THE STRANGE PAUPER GIRL.**—Catherine Kirby, aged 15, was brought up on remand before Mr. Paget on a charge of wilfully refusing to perform the task of work assigned her in the workhouse of St. George-in-the-East, of which she had been an inmate since the 14th of November last, when she was admitted into the casual ward. The prisoner gave the name of Catherine Hanson on her first examination, and while she was in the workhouse puzzled the authorities by giving six or seven names, and assuming an air of mystery. Since her remand a host of persons in all parts of the kingdom, whose daughters, all about the same age as the prisoner, were missing, had written to the magistrate, to the Rev. Mr. McGill, the chaplain, and to Mr. Hughes, the master of St. George's Workhouse, and each was in hopes the prisoner was the "lost daughter." Mr. Hughes said there were two ladies from Liverpool in court who had each lost a daughter fifteen years of age. It now turned out that the father of the girl, whose name is Kirby, was dwelling at Stockwell; that he was formerly in the K division of police, and was now an auxiliary letter-carrier in the Brixton district. He was a man of excellent character, and his daughter was in the service of a respectable family in Brixton-road until the 5th of November, when she left in consequence, as she alleged, of the work being too hard for her strength. She was paid her wages, bought a cloak with part of the money, went to Drury Lane Theatre one night, and the South London Music Hall another, and at last found her way to the casual ward of St. George-in-the-East. The guardians had made every possible inquiry concerning her, and endeavoured to discover her relatives and to ascertain her real name without success. The girl put an end to the mystery which she had herself created by writing a letter to her father from the Clerkenwell House of Detention. The father now attended. He said it was not true, as his daughter represented, that her stepmother treated her cruelly. Mr. Paget remarked that he should again remand the girl to the House of Detention for a week, and that the publication of that day's proceedings would be a sufficient answer to the numerous persons who had written to him respecting lost children.

## SOUTHWARK.

**DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT AT A RAILWAY STATION.**—Mr. Charles Johnson, goldsmith and jeweller, residing at 19, St. James's-grove, Commercial-road, Peckham, and Henry Wilkinson, a merchant's clerk, were charged with disorderly conduct at the London-bridge Terminus of the South-Eastern Railway, and assaulting the company's officers in the execution of their duty. Richard Burroughs, a constable in the employ of the South-Eastern Railway Company, said that about ten minutes to twelve on Sunday night he was

called to the Greenwich platform, when he saw an immense crowd and the prisoner Johnson rushing about challenging everybody to fight. A train for Greenwich was expected every moment, and Johnson's frantic conduct caused a deal of alarm among the persons who were waiting, and it was with some difficulty they were prevented from falling on the metals. Mr. Bell, the inspector, spoke to Johnson, and told him that unless he behaved himself he should have him removed. Instead of that he turned round and put himself in a fighting attitude, and made use of such abusive language that the witness was desired to remove him off the premises. While doing so the other prisoner interfered and struck another officer who came to his assistance, and then both prisoners ran away. Witness, however, pursued them into Tadey-street, and gave them into custody of a metropolitan police-constable. Mr. Woolrych asked whether the prisoners were sober. Witness replied that they had been drinking, but they were not drunk. He did not see a sailor with his coat off on the platform. Johnson was jumping about the crowd, offering to fight anybody, and it was a miracle some of the passengers were not pushed off the platform. Mr. James Bell, an inspector in the company's employ, corroborated last witness's testimony, and added that he gave Johnson every opportunity of leaving the station, but he set witness at defiance, and acted more like a madman than anything else. Charles Henry Hoskins, an officer in the company's employ, said he was on duty on the incline of the railway when he saw the prisoner Johnson being removed by the first witness. Wilkinson then came up and attempted to rescue Johnson. Witness went to the other officer's assistance, when Wilkinson struck him a violent blow on the right eye, nearly stunning him, and the prisoners ran away. Witness and Burroughs pursued them and gave them into custody. Both prisoners were under the influence of liquor. In answer to the charge the prisoner Johnson said he went to meet a friend at a railway station, when a sailor came up to him and wanted to fight him. He merely pushed him away, when the officer roughly handled him, and allowed him to leave the premises. After that they followed them and gave them into custody. Wilkinson said that he merely went up to the officer and told him not to chase his friend, when he was knocked down. Mr. Woolrych said he had carefully investigated the whole of the circumstances of the case, and was of opinion that the prisoners had grossly misconducted themselves. He should, therefore, fine Johnson 2s. and Wilkinson 3s., or one month's imprisonment each. The fines were immediately paid, and the prisoners left the court with their friends.

## WANDSWORTH.

**CHARGE OF ROBBERY.**—Emily Burton was brought before Mr. Ingham for final examination on a charge of stealing a cash-box containing a £10 Bank of England note, £5 in gold, and other property, from the bedroom of her mistress, Mrs. Corbould, of North-road, Clapham-park. It will be recollected that the prisoner first gave information leading her mistress to suppose that the house had been entered during the night through the coal cellar flap, but when the police examined the premises it was conclusively shown that the robbery had been committed by an inmate. The cash-box was subsequently found in the dustbin in the garden. It was broken open, and all the money had been taken out. The prisoner was remanded several times for the purpose of affording the police an opportunity of tracing the bank-note, but all the inquiries about it proved unsuccessful. Other evidence was given that on the night before the cash-box was missed the coal-cellar was bolted on the kitchen side. The other inmates of the house besides the prosecutrix and the prisoner were severally examined, and they denied all knowledge of the cash-box. The prisoner, through Mr. Wilson, who defended her, reserved her defence, and Mr. Ingham fully committed her for trial, at the same time stating that he would take bail for her appearance at the sessions.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

## GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Continue to attend to borders and beds. Give auriculas, carnations, pinks, &c., plenty of air, but water them sparingly. Protect pansies from severe weather. Give a top dressing of rotten dung between pinks. Plant roses in mild weather, but protect the roots from frost with well mulching with rotten dung. Look over roots of dahlias, and if young plants are required for beds and borders, excite the roots in a gentle heat.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Take advantage of dry mornings to fork over heavy ground that has been previously trenched; for the more it receives the influence of the frosts the better. In favourable weather, fill up flanks in cabbages. Continue to use the hoe freely. Sow early horn carrots on a warm border, and protect in severe weather. Sow peas and beans in favourable weather on a warm border, also in pans or boxes, to be kept in frames for early transplanting. Early short-top radishes may likewise be sown on a warm border to be well protected with mats or straw. As soon as they vegetate, remove the covering by day, but replace it at night; also, when exposed, protect from birds by lines of thread or worsted, on which hang pieces of coloured cloth.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Prune and fork up the ground near the roots of trees in frosty weather, to destroy the eggs or larvae of grubs. Scrape off moss of lichen from stems and branches, and dress espalier or standard trees with a mixture of quicklime, soot, and clay, about the consistency of paint. This will effectually destroy moss and lichen. Thin out cross and crowded branches in all directions.

**ROBERT COOMBE'S MONUMENT.**—The other day the monument to this well-known craftsman, who was champion of the Thames from 1816 to 1852, was formally uncovered in Brompton Cemetery. It is made of Portland stone, and is 9ft. 6in. long, and 3ft. 6in. wide. On the top slab is the representation of a wherry bottom upwards, over which is thrown a coat and badge, and by the side are broken skulls. On the edge of the ledge are Dido's lines—

"Fare thee well, my trim-built wherry,  
Oars, coat, and badge, farewell."

This slab is supported by four figures cut out of the solid stone-work, one at each corner. The figures represent four champions of the Thames; first, Robert Coombe, in his racing costume, holding a broken skull; second, Tom Cole, of Chelsea, wearing Duggett's Coat and Badge, with the peculiar principle button; third, James Messenger, of Kingston, with the coat and badge of the Thames National Regatta; fourth, Henry Kelley, of Putney, an athlete in rowing costume. Each figure stands on an octagon dwarf pedestal. There is an appropriate inscription. An address was delivered to those who were present at the ceremony by the Rev. W. G. Martin, chaplain of the Thames, at the Victoria School.



# OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.—SPEECH OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

THE Italian parliament was opened at Florence, on Saturday last, by the King in person. His Majesty delivered the following speech from the throne:—

"SIGNORI SENATORI, SIGNORI DEPUTATI,

"Our country is henceforth free from all foreign domination. It is with profound joy that I declare this to the representatives of twenty-five million Italians. The nation had faith in me and I in it. This great event, by crowning our common efforts, gives a fresh impulse to the work of civilization, and renders more stable the political equilibrium of Europe. By her promptitude in military organization, and by the rapid union of her people, Italy has acquired the credit which was necessary to enable her to attain independence by herself and with the aid of efficacious alliances. Italy has found encouragement and support in this laborious work in the sympathy of civilized Governments and peoples, and has been further sustained and strengthened by the courageous perseverance of the Venetian provinces in the common enterprise of national emancipation.

of her independence, the very bulwarks which served to oppress her. Italy can, therefore, and now ought to, turn her efforts to increasing her prosperity.

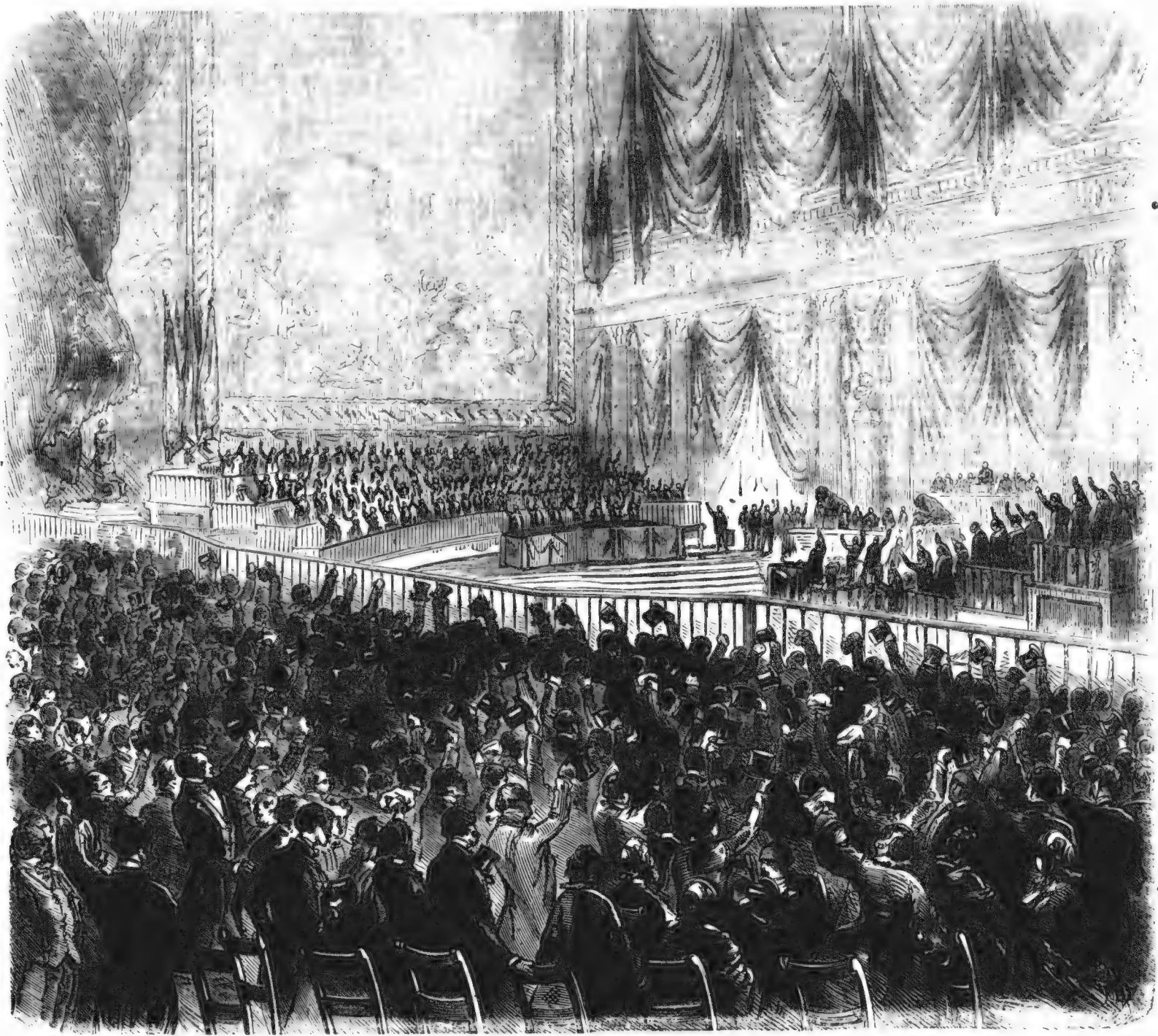
"As Italians have shown admirable concord in the affirmation of their independence, so now let all devote themselves with intelligence, ardour, and indomitable constancy to the development of the economic resources of the peninsula. Several Bills will be laid before you with this object.

"In the midst of the labours of peace, favoured by a secure future, we shall not neglect following the lessons of experience to perfect our military organization, in order that, with the least possible expense, Italy may not be destitute of the forces necessary to maintain her in the place which belongs to her among great nations. The measures recently taken relative to the administration of the kingdom, and those which will be proposed to you, above all respecting the collection of the taxes and the accountability of the State, will contribute to ameliorate the management of public affairs.

"My Government has provided in advance for the expenditure of the year about to open, and for extraordinary payments of

## HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

HUNTING the wild boar was a favourite pastime in the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. Mention of boar hunts is constantly made in all old treatises on the art of venery, and it is stated that the proper season for this species of game is from the "Nativity to the Purification of our Ladye," as during that time the animal is tempted from his lair by the nuts, acorns, and berries strewn about the woods. The chase of the boar was carried on on horseback—that is to say, the nobleman or chief man of the party was mounted, while the unfortunate pricklers were compelled to go on foot. Boar-hounds were bred at one time in England, but the common mastiff was also found to be very serviceable in this kind of chase. When the king hunted, the practice pursued was very similar to that now in vogue in Germany, and called a "dreid jagd." A sufficient number of temporary buildings were erected for the accommodation of the royal family and such of the nobles as were permitted to join in the sport; when their highnesses were fully prepared, three long moots or blasts with horns were given by the master of the chase, and the hounds were uncoupled. The game was then driven from the cover, and hunted



OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT, AT FLORENCE, BY THE KING OF ITALY.

"The treaty of peace with the empire of Austria which will be laid before you will be followed by negotiations which will facilitate exchanges of prisoners between the two States.

"The French Government, faithful to the obligations which it contracted by the September Convention, has withdrawn its troops from Rome. On its side, the Italian Government, observant of its engagements, has respected, and will respect, the Pontifical territory. Our good understanding with the French Emperor, to whom we are bound by friendship and gratitude, the moderation of the Romans, the wisdom of the Pontiff, and the religious sentiment and right feeling of the Italian people, will aid us to distinguish and conciliate the Catholic interests and national aspirations which are interwoven and contending with each other at Rome. Attached to the religion of our ancestors, which is also that of the great majority of Italians, I nevertheless respect the principle of liberty which breathes through our institutions, and which, broadly and sincerely applied, will remove the causes of the whole differences between Church and State. This disposition on our part, by reassuring Catholic consciences, will accomplish, I hope, the wishes which I form, that the Sovereign Pontiff may remain independent at Rome. Italy is secure now that, besides the valour of her sons, which through all the changes of fortune has never belied itself either by land or sea, nor in the

every kind. They will ask of you the continuation in 1867 of the financial measures voted for 1866. The legislative bodies will also maturely discuss the Bills which will be laid before them to ameliorate the assessment of the taxes, and to equalise them among the different provinces of the kingdom. If, as I am fully confident, the people of Italy will not fail in that activity which created the wealth and power of our ancestors, it will not be long before the public exchequer will reach its definitive equilibrium.

"SIGNORI SENATORI, SIGNORI DEPUTATI,

"Italy is now restored to herself. Her responsibility is equal to the power she has acquired, and the full liberty she enjoys in the use of her strength. The great things which we have done in a short space increase our obligation not to fail in our task, which is to know how to govern ourselves with the vigour required by the social condition of the kingdom and the liberality demanded by our institutions.

"Liberty in our political institutions, authority in the Government, activity in the citizens, and the empire of law upon all and over all, will carry Italy to the height of her destiny, and fulfil what the world expects from her."

His Majesty's Speech was received with general applause.

towards the stand where the king was placed, and as it passed, the arrows were discharged, and the sport was over. To any sportsman who knows the tremendous excitement of the chase, it will be amusing to read that proper persons were appointed to keep the populace at due distance, none but the royal party being allowed to shoot at the game.

The illustration on page 445 is the modern style of hunting the wild boar, and lacks the pageantry of the past.

AN ADVENTURE WITH CONVICTS.—A boat, with ten convicts, was sent from Toulon to St. Maudrier a few days ago. Taking advantage of a favourable wind, they turned the craft from its course, and ran right before the breeze in the direction of the Hyeres. The alarm was at once given, and detachments of gendarmes were sent both by land and water to intercept them. The boat was driven aground at Gien, and eight of the convicts were secured; the other two, more desperate and determined than the others, escaped into the woods. They had seized the arms of the boat's captain, and taken the clothes from the helmsman. By midnight they were tracked and surrounded; one, after wounding a gendarme, was killed by a pistol shot, and the others surrendered.





BOAR HUNTING. (See page 444.)

## Literature.

## TIME'S CHANGES.

SOME fifty years ago there was living in the city of Bristol a young widow named Clarissa Thornton. She was of a highly respectable family, and her husband, while living, was one of the first physicians in that city; but the family had seen affliction, and her partner in life, dying suddenly, had left her without fortune and without protection in the world. At the time our story opens, she was thirty years of age, and her only child, a son, called Theodore, had seen scarce eleven summers. These two individuals—the mother and son—being left without friends in the midst of a heartless populace, lived alone together in a small apartment in one of the humblest quarters of the town. Mrs. Thornton supported herself and son with her needle, to do which she was obliged to work continually, sometimes sitting up during the entire night.

Little Theodore, at ten years of age, used to devote his time to reading, to his mother, passages from her favourite authors. He was an intelligent boy, full of generosity and noble ambition; but his affection for his mother outweighed all his other good qualities. For her he would leave his play without a murmur—he was glad when he saw her happy, and he wept when he saw her weep. This was owing in part to the natural warmth of his heart, but more perhaps to her uniform kindness to him on all occasions. She did not scold him, as many mothers do their children, and then caress him fondly; but when he needed reproof she did her duty in a kind and gentle manner, which could not fail to have an effect upon his heart. From his mother, Theodore learned the first rudiments of science, and under her instruction, both moral and intellectual, laid the foundation for future usefulness in society.

Thus the mother and son lived together; but it was a hard life the devoted widow led. Theodore did all he could to comfort her, but she became melancholy notwithstanding his kindness, and often while she was engaged with her sewing, large and sorrowful tears rolled down her face.

Her sunken cheeks were paled by anxiety, and grief had made such sad ravages in her once beautiful face, that the companions of her girlhood would scarce have known her then. The rose had fled from her features, the lustre from her eye; and the pale, sickly complexion told too plainly that consumption had marked her for his victim.

Mrs. Thornton was at last unable to work. A sudden illness stretched her upon a bed of suffering and sorrow. Then would the unhappy woman hold her poor child to her heart and pray heaven silently to watch over and protect him after she was gone. The wretched boy knew that his mother was very ill, but he had not divined that death was so near at hand.

Confined to her bed, the widow had no one to take care of her and administer to her wants save Theodore, and his cares were altogether insufficient to procure her necessary comforts. Had she been possessed of money she would not have wanted friends, and any number of physicians would have been ready to do all in their power to alleviate her sufferings; but as it was, there was none to bring her assistance or consolation.

One day the poor woman called Theodore to her bedside, and while his tears fell thick and fast upon her withered hand, said to him:—

"My dear child, when your father was alive, and we were prosperous, there were a few who were not ashamed to be called

our friends; but when misfortune came, they all turned coldly away, and now we are deserted and alone. As long as I could support myself I was too proud to remind them of their former professions of friendship; but want and helplessness, and bitter sufferings, crush the spirit which is naturally full of pride. Theodore, my son, there is one individual who can relieve us, and who will, I trust, as soon as we stoop to ask him to come to our assistance. He was a friend of your father, and he is very rich. Without an effort he could lift us from the dust, and, ah, if he has a heart, I am sure he will!"

"Oh, let me go to him at once, mother!" sobbed the boy; "then he will come and see you—he will!"

"Do not indulge in vain hopes, my child," interrupted Mrs. Thornton; "you do not know yet how cold the hearts of professed friends often become. But bring me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I will write a note for you to take to Mr. Harley."

Theodore, full of new hope, bounded off, and dashing away the tears of joy which gathered in his eyes, began to search for a piece of paper suitable to write a letter upon for the rich Mr. Harley. The paper at last was found, and the boy held it upon a book, while with a feeble trembling hand his mother wrote a brief petition to her husband's friend.

Theodore wrapped his mother's letter up in a clean piece of newspaper, and holding it tightly in his hand, set out, following his mother's directions, to find the residence of Mr. Harley.

At last he came to a house that had the name of that gentleman on the door, and with a fluttering heart he ran up the marble steps. Grasping the important letter in one hand, he rang the bell timidly with the other, and then waited for a servant to appear.

He had not long to wait; but when the domestic came, Theodore's heart beat so violently with anxiety and fear, that he could scarcely speak. At last, however, he told his errand—it was to see Mr. Harley in person. As it happened, that gentleman was at home, and Theodore was, after some delay, shown into his presence.

Had the boy been to ask alms for himself alone, he would have dreaded to see the alms-giver's face, but he thought of his suffering parent, and every scruple pride suggested was forgotten. With hopeful countenance he advanced into the presence of a man about thirty-five years of age, who, he was told, was his father's friend.

"Well, my lad, what is your errand?" asked Mr. Harley, looking up with a careless and business-like air from a paper he was reading.

Theodore felt the blood rush to his heart like a frozen torrent, for there was something so cold in the gentleman's air that his hopes were destroyed like flowers beneath the frosts of autumn. However the boy thought of his mother, and summoned all his courage to put the letter into Mr. Harley's hand.

"What's this?" said the gentleman.

"A letter," stammered Theodore, "from—from my mother."

Mr. Harley cast his eye over the contents of the note, and as he did so, Theodore, with an indescribable sinking of the heart, saw his brow darken with displeasure. Then the gentleman raised his eyes to Theodore, and regarded him with such a scrutinizing and unfeeling look, that the poor boy shivered like a culprit.

"Was your father's name Charles Thornton?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Theodore.

"Let me see—Charles Thornton!" mused the gentleman. "I have some faint recollection of such a person. Was he a doctor?"

Theodore replied in the affirmative.

"Well, well, I must do something for you, I suppose. Tell

your mother that she need not take the trouble of sending you round here again, for I will call on her in a day or two. That will be the best way," and he added in a lower tone of voice, "There is not knowing when this sort of people are in want, unless one sees with his own eyes. Go now, my lad, and don't forget to tell your mother that I will call upon her in a day or two."

So saying, the rich Mr. Harley turned his back upon the starving boy, and glanced upon his paper again, as if nothing had happened.

As Theodore turned to go, a young girl of near his own age entered the room, and when she saw how wretched and full of sorrow he appeared, looked on him kindly and held the door for him to pass. Her air of tenderness touched the unhappy boy, and large and silent tears rolled down his care-worn face.

Theodore hastened home to acquaint his anxious mother with the manner in which he had been received by his father's friend, and his reply; yet he said nothing of the freezing air of contempt with which Mr. Harley regarded him, for he feared to destroy the hopes of relief which his mother indulged.

On the following day the mother and son looked anxiously for the expected visit, but night came, and Mr. Harley did not arrive. It was the same the next day, and the next, and the next! Then the widow wept over her son, and prayed heaven to stand by her in that dark hour of affliction.

Meantime, Mrs. Thornton was sinking rapidly into the grave. A few individuals, who resided in the same house, touched with pity, contributed something towards supplying her wants, or she might have died long before she did. Theodore was with her always, watching her as if his existence depended upon her own. As he saw her fading away, and knew that she was about to die, the grief of his boyish heart knew no bounds.

Meanwhile, the rich Mr. Harley was proceeding about his business as if nothing had happened, and as if he had never known that such a being as Mrs. Thornton existed.

One day, when he was in a good humour with himself and with all honest people, his little daughter—the only child he had—got upon his knees, and asked him in winning tones what had become of the poor boy who was there some days before—meaning Theodore. The merchant recollected the circumstance, and then he remembered the wife of his former friend.

"Humph! well!" said he, musingly, "I promised to do something for her—it is now more than a week—I ought to go and see how they are getting along. Give me my hat and cane, Julia, and I'll go and see what I can do for that little boy."

"Do, pa," said the girl, gratefully, running for her father's cane. "He did look so sad when he was here!"

The merchant walked leisurely into the street, and took his way towards the residence of Mrs. Thornton. He found the number without difficulty, and on inquiry was directed to a room in the fourth story of the house. Mr. Harley toiled up the dilapidated staircase, and at last arrived at the door of the apartment to which he had been directed. He knocked; no one bid him enter. After repeating his summons thrice, with the same result, he threw open the door and entered.

A sad, heart-rending spectacle met his view. Upon a wretched bed, on one side of the room, lay the corpse of a female, and in its cold, emaciated features the merchant recognised the wife of his deceased friend. It was Mrs. Thornton; and, kneeling by the bedside, his hands clasping those of the corpse, and his face buried in the bed-clothes, was Theodore, as motionless, and apparently as lifeless, as his mother. Indeed, the merchant might have thought that the boy was dead, had not his frame, at long intervals, shook with a convulsive sob, and then became as still and motionless as before.



The merchant felt strong misgivings on account of his neglect of the family of his friend, for his heart was not sufficiently hardened to withstand the silent eloquence of that sad scene. For some time he could not summon courage to approach the boy, and make his presence known. At last he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and spoke his name.

Theodore started, and raised his tearful eyes to the merchant's face; but no sooner did he discern who it was, than he recoiled with a look of indignation and horror.

"You have come," he said, bitterly, "but it is too late! Be gone, for we do not need you now—she is dead! You let her die!"

And the boy threw himself upon his mother's bosom, bursting into tears.

The merchant, conscience-stricken, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, and throwing it at the boy's feet, hurried like a culprit from the house.

#### CHAPTER II.

It is ten years after the scene I have just described, and the subject of this history has reached his twenty-first year.

I have not space to detail how the youthful Theodore's time was passed during those ten years, but will simply state that through honesty, perseverance, and sober conduct, he had, without the assistance of friends, succeeded in rising gradually in the world. After his mother's death he was obliged to become an errand boy. Then, as he grew up, his employer kept him in doors, and at last he had been made clerk in a wholesale establishment, with a fair salary. It was but a small sum, it is true, but Theodore was young, and being of sober and industrious habits, he needed no extravagant salary for his support.

Theodore had been introduced into the first society in the city of Bristol, and he mingled occasionally with the rich and fashionable of the town. True, he was only a clerk, but those who regarded him in that light, being people he despised, he was altogether too independent to notice.

Theodore saw frequently, in company, a young girl towards whom, at first sight, his heart warmed in the mysterious sympathy of love. Like those who feel for the first time the influence of the "tender passion," his sensations were so new and so strange, and yet so delightful, that he yielded his heart without asking himself whether it was wise for him to do so or not.

At last the young man succeeded in getting an introduction to his unknown, and was not a little surprised to learn that she was the only daughter of the rich Mr. Harley, and the young girl whom he saw at her father's house ten years before! Theodore felt a strange sinking of heart at this intelligence, for it brought up old associations, and opened wounds which time had failed to heal. He remembered all the circumstances of his mother's death, and the sweet face of the child who had looked kindly on him after he had been coldly repulsed by her father, was painted in vivid colours upon his imagination; and that child, having grown to womanhood, stood before him.

I need not dwell upon this portion of my story. Suffice it to say that Theodore, on becoming acquainted with his unknown, found her every way worthy of his love; and that Julia, struck with the kindness and attention of the young man, as well as his good looks and agreeable manners, insensibly to herself, and still less to her lover, yielded him her heart.

They knew very well that the consent of the wealthy merchant—the father of Julia—could not easily be obtained, and the thought of disobeying him had never entered their minds; however, with as much courage as he could command, Theodore proceeded one evening to ask the consent of Mr. Harley for their marriage.

The merchant heard the proposal very coolly, and then, in a very business-like manner, asked Theodore how he was situated with regard to property, and all that sort of thing.

The young man coloured slightly, but replied in a firm voice that he was receiving a salary of £100, and had a little laid by. On the reception of this news, Mr. Harley was thunderstruck; he looked at Theodore as if he had been a dog making application to go into partnership with him. True, he was at first inclined to consider it all a joke, but Theodore looked altogether too serious to allow of such a supposition. Then, without uttering a word, with a look of pity and contempt, he gave the young man to understand that it would afford him great pleasure to see him leave the house.

The order needed no urging. Pale with suppressed indignation, he turned his back upon the haughty merchant. It was the second time he had applied to that gentleman for favours; before, he was turned away with a promise, now with a contemptuous refusal; then, his little heart was bursting with grief for his mother's sake; on the present occasion his love for Julia was forgotten in the bitterness of the anger which was boiling in his breast.

It was about a week after this event that the young man met Julia one evening in company, and led her aside to speak with her on the subject of his refusal. The young girl was very unhappy. She said that a wealthy young man in the city had made proposals for her hand, and that it was the determination of her parents that she should accept. She could not conscientiously, and for that reason her parents persecuted her as if she were guilty of a heinous crime.

"By heaven!" exclaimed Theodore, bitterly, "this is too much! With me you could be happy, I believe, although I am poor; but they choose to have you miserable with him, because he can boast of wealth. It is infamous!"

And in the heat of his indignation, aided also by his strong affection, he allowed himself to be led away, and he spoke of that which in his moments of cool reflection would never have entered his heart. He proposed an elopement, and urged his cause with all the eloquence of love. He said he had an offer to go to London at a salary of two hundred a year, and painted to the imagination of Julia such a glowing picture of their happiness with each other, although poor, that the unhappy girl, after hesitating long, and considering all the sacrifices she would be obliged to make, brought herself to believe that the step he proposed was not wrong under the circumstances, and promised to leave her home and risk her father's anger.

A week after this interview the two lovers arrived in London, as happy as a young married pair can be, except that the thought of Mr. Harley's anger caused anything but pleasant reflections in the bosom of Theodore and that of his young wife. Soon after Julia wrote to him for forgiveness; but on receiving a brief reply, Theodore, pale with indignation and high resolve, crushed the paper beneath his heel, and requested his young wife never to write to her haughty father again.

Julia complied. For a long time the thought of her father's displeasure caused her much unhappiness; but Theodore's presence soothed her, and she soon learned to forget all her cares in the enjoyment of his love.

The young couple were obliged to be frugal in their expenditure, but they bore up nobly, hoping for better times. And thus

they lived together—frugal, industrious and honest, and, more than all, happy and contented.

#### CHAPTER III.

As this history is not written merely to please the imagination, but also to instruct the heart, the reader will excuse me for being so irregular in my narrative: and now, when I ask him to pass over with me the space of twenty years, he will do so without a murmur.

It was a stormy night in the month of December, 183—. A cold rain fell pattering upon the pavements of London, and a biting wind drove about the corners of the streets and into the faces of those who were abroad.

At half-past seven o'clock in the evening an old man might have been seen wandering, homeless, friendless, without an object and without hope, along one of the principal streets of the city. His hat—or rather the article he wore upon his head—not only let the cold rain through, but even discovered to the eye of the observer a few thin locks of grey hair straggling through divers apertures in the sides and top. His coat was buttoned close around him, and muffled about his face as if to hide his features from the rude gaze of passers-by; but beneath his hat, which was closely drawn over his brows, might have been seen a sunken, lustreless eye, and a visage where fearful ravages had been made by time and sorrow.

As this old man was plodding slowly and wearily along, a carriage drew up at a door but a few paces before him. He saw a man in the prime of manhood alight, and drawing his warm cloak about him he ran lightly up the steps of an elegant mansion.

At the sight of such comfort the heart of that old man sank within him; but in a moment fatigue, and hunger, and the pitiless cold, overcame both envy and pride, and staggering forward, the aged sufferer reached out his withered and trembling hand for alms.

When the rich man, who was on the point of entering his house where wealth and every comfort awaited him, looked about and saw before him the half-clad, half-starved, and shivering object who humbly asked for a shilling to buy his supper and his lodgings, he was touched with pity, and spoke kindly to him, and dropped a piece of silver in his hand.

"May heaven bless you!" exclaimed the old man, earnestly; and tears of gratitude coursed down his cheeks.

He turned away, but in doing so, emotion, combined with the fatigue of his body, caused him to stagger and fall like a corpse upon the cold and wet pavement. In a moment the rich man was by his side, and like a good Samaritan he lifted him up, and speaking kindly, assisted him to reach his own door.

Then the rich man rang for assistance, and recommending the other to the care of his servants, with a heart that beat with the happy consciousness of having done good to a suffering being, hastened to forget the cares of the day in the bosom of his own family.

Meanwhile the old man was fed, and warmed, and comforted, and his heart was made happier than it had been for many a day before. At nine o'clock the servant conducted him into a small but neat room, in which everything that could add to his comfort was to be found, and left him alone, wishing him a good night's rest. The old man went to bed, and slept until the light of broad day was streaming through the curtain of his window, for the storm had passed, and it was a lovely winter's morning.

When the aged wanderer had breakfasted, he desired to see his benefactor, that he might thank him for his more than human kindness, and he was shown into a parlour where he was left alone. A door leading into another room was partially left open, and the old man heard voices engaged in an earnest conversation. They were those of a gentleman and lady; and the old man gathered from what he heard, that the daughter of these was desirous of marrying a young man of whom they disapproved. More than once as he listened, the old man pressed his hands to his brow, and once he arose, approached the door hastily, and sat down again. He appeared greatly agitated, and his limbs trembled violently.

At last the voice of a young girl was heard, and as the clear, silvery tones fell upon his ear, they made him start.

"He is poor, I know," said the young girl, "but I believe him worthy, and I love him. Forbid our marriage if you choose—but I will never marry another!"

And then the old man heard a door close, and it seemed that she who had spoken so firmly and yet so feelingly, had left her parents alone.

Shortly after the door between the two rooms was thrown open, and the gentleman who had given the aged sufferer food and shelter for the past night, accompanied by a lady, advanced into the room where he was waiting.

The old man arose, and with a degree of politeness one could scarce have anticipated, judging from his appearance, thanked them for the kindness he had met with at their hands. To see him as he stood, a trembling, destitute old man, and more than that, to hear the feeling accents of his voice when he thanked them, brought tears into the eyes of both the gentleman and his wife.

The old man hesitated, but seemed desirous of saying something more. The gentleman told him to go on.

"I was here," said the old man, "when you were talking in the other room, and without intending it, overheard your conversation. You will pardon me if I speak boldly, but I believe I am doing my duty. It seems that you have a daughter who would accept the proposal of marriage of a poor but worthy youth, did you not oppose her wishes. Forgive an old man who has seen much of the world and of the world's bitter experience, when he says to you beware! Do not oppose your daughter's marriage merely because the young man is poor. I once had a daughter myself—and I was rich then, like you—and when a young man without property proposed for her hand, I rejected him with contempt. He was as proud as I, though poor. He sneered at my pride, while my daughter wept. I treated them both cruelly, and heaven punished me as I deserved. Would you know how? The young couple married against my will, and my daughter left my roof for ever! Oh, heaven! when I think of it my heart seems bursting with grief! You cannot imagine what agony of remorse I have suffered—what vain regrets have pursued me ever since. From that time, I have met with nothing but misfortune and sorrow. My wife died of grief—would to heaven I had accompanied her to the grave and been buried by her side! But heaven ordained it otherwise; I have lived to see my property forsake me as if the curse of Job was upon me. Oh, heaven! it is just! As I did to others, so have I been done by until now. You—you are the first who have spoken to me kindly—you—but why do you weep? Why, lady, do you cover your face with your hands? And you, sir, you are touched! Thank heaven that the world is not all cold and selfish! But why, madam, do you regard me thus? You kneel before me—"

Unable to proceed, the old man staggered to a seat.

"My father! my father!" sobbed the lady, throwing herself at his feet, and bowing her head upon his outstretched hands.

"Heavens! it is you! Julia, my daughter, my child!" murmured the old man, drawing her to his heart, and mingling his tears with hers.

Theodore Thornton stood by in silence; but the father and daughter were not alone to shed tears on that unexpected meeting. He who, thirty years before, was coldly turned away from the door of that same old man when he went to him to ask, not for himself, but his dying mother—he who was thrust from his presence contemptuously ten years after the event, when he went to him to ask the hand of his Julia in marriage—he wept more to think that Time, the avenger, had granted the vengeance for which once he prayed.

In effect, the high had been brought low, and the lowly had been raised up. Mr. Harley, the rich and haughty merchant, by reverses which it is not necessary that I should explain, had become the homeless, friendless, miserable old man his children now beheld him, while Theodore, by honesty, industry, and perseverance, had built up a fortune for himself and family.

It was in warning him against this that the old man discovered to Julia that he was her father. I need not dwell upon the scene which followed. When Theodore and his wife learned that those time-worn features, and that shrunken, feeble form, were the remnants of the once rich and haughty man, they raised him from the dust, and instead of forgiving him, prayed humbly that he would forgive them for having disobeyed him, forsaken him, and left him in his old age to suffer privation and want.

There is something sweet and heavenly in mutual forgiveness. It opens the fountains of feeling, and heals wounds that have long rankled in the breast. It was so with Mr. Harley and his children. All was forgiven—all was forgotten and buried with the past, save the holy lesson of charity and forgiveness that was too sweet to the memory to be forgotten.

Theodore no longer withheld his consent to his daughter's marriage with the man of her choice, but recommending the young couple to be industrious, and honest and charitable—even as he himself had been—blessed the union of two hearts God joined together.

#### NEW WORKS.

THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS; A STORY OF THE CIVIL WARS. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row, and Edinburgh and New York.—The eventful period to which this story belongs is so full of stirring events as to be almost inexhaustible. Numberless have been the tales founded upon the Cromwellian era, but few have been told in so quaint and gossiping a style as "The Draytons and the Davenants." Many an old document has been drawn forth from its secret recess, and now, perhaps for the first time, brought before the public notice. It is upon a mass of these old documents that the story is built, mixing up family matters with historical facts in a strangely confused, yet interesting manner; so much so, indeed, that the book cannot fail to please.

THE TRIUMPH OVER MIDIAN. By A. L. O. E., authoress of "The Shepherd of Bethlehem," "Exiles in Babylon," "Rescued from Egypt," &c. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row.—The Biblical student, and all lovers of Bible literature, will welcome with pleasure this new work of the talented authoress, A. L. O. E. It is written throughout in a deep poetic and religious strain, yet within the comprehension of all. For Sunday reading in the family circle it will be highly appreciated. The battle scenes are depicted with great power and vividness, and altogether "The Triumph over Midian" must take rank with any of the previous works of the gifted writer.

THE BOY MAKES THE MAN. A Book of Anecdotes and Examples for the Use of Youth. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS, Author of "Sunshine of Domestic Life," "Records of Noble Lives," "Scenes from European History," &c. London: T. Nelson and Sons.—A more readable, entertaining, and useful book could not possibly be placed in the hands of a youth, by way of a Christmas present, than the one under notice. It is divided into five chapters. The first treats of examples of youthful perseverance and its results; the second, of examples of an overmastering taste, influencing and controlling an individual's career; the third, examples of studious application; fourth, examples of courage, enterprise, and the manly virtues; and fifth, examples of early piety. Men who have made for themselves a name in all ages, all countries, and in all professions, are met with in these pages, and so rapidly are they brought forward to play their respective parts, in inciting youth to follow their example, that it is difficult, when the book is once taken up, to lay it down again. We most heartily recommend "The Boy Makes the Man" to the attention of our readers.

LADIES' NURSERY NOTE-BOOK. For the use of mothers. By A. L. O. E. London: T. Nelson and Sons.—This is another interesting book for Sunday fireside reading. It is a mother's conversation with her children on religious and home subjects, dealing with the passions in all their phases, and impressing the duties of life upon young minds in a clear, maternal, and convincing manner. The name of the authoress is sufficient alone to secure it a glad welcome in all Christian families.

NELSON'S OIL COLOUR PICTURE BOOK FOR THE NURSERY. London: T. Nelson and Sons.—The stories illustrated in the picture-book before us are "The Three Little Kittens" and "The Children in the Wood;" also "Four-footed Favourites" and "Nursery Rhymes." The first are by Alfred Crowquill, and are as clever and comical as the majority of the laughable pictures by this clever artist and caricaturist. We have only to look at the "three little kittens who had lost their mittens" to imagine the shouts of laughter ringing out from joyous little throats as they follow the kittens in their adventures in search of their mittens. They are magnificently printed, on fine stout paper, in brilliant, lasting colours. We have never before seen anything surpassing them for beauty and cheapness.

THE NURSERY PICTURE-BOOK. London: T. Nelson and Sons.—This is another series of clever pictures, printed in bright oil colours, from drawings by Konny Meadows, Edward Morin, and others. The poetry is a great improvement upon the old nursery rhyme style, and though simple, of course, is pretty, poetic, and to the purpose. This series contains "Sunny Days," "Home for the Holidays," "Right and Wrong," and "Picture Rhymes of Happy Times." The latter are really beautiful works of art as pictures.

ILLUMINATED TEXTS. London: T. Nelson and Sons.—For beauty and chasteness of design, these texts are magnificent specimens of the art of illuminated letter writing. They are exceedingly varied in design, and the texts are judiciously selected.



## PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, in his message to Congress, says:—

"It is a matter of regret that no considerable advance has been made towards an adjustment of the differences between the United States and Great Britain, arising out of the depredations upon our national commerce and other trespasses committed during our civil war by British subjects, in violation of international law and treaty obligations. The delay, however, may be believed to have resulted in no small degree from the domestic situation of Great Britain. Whatever might be the wishes of the two Governments, it is manifest that good-will and friendship between the two countries cannot be established until a reciprocity in the practice of good faith and neutrality shall be restored between the respective nations." Relative to the Fenian invasion of Canada, he says that citizens were warned against taking part in or aiding such unlawful proceedings, and the proper officers were directed to take all necessary measures for the enforcement of the laws. The expedition failed, but it has not been without its painful consequences. Some of the citizens, who it was alleged were engaged in the expedition, were captured, and have been brought to trial for a capital offence in the province of Canada. Believing that the severity of civil punishment for misguided persons who have engaged in revolutionary attempts which have disastrously failed is unsound and unwise, such representations have been made to the British Government in behalf of the convicted persons as being sustained by an enlightened and humane judgment will, it is hoped, induce in their cases an exercise of clemency and a judicious amnesty to all who were engaged in the movement. Counsel has been employed by the Government to defend the citizens of the United States on trial for capital offences in Canada, and a discontinuance of the prosecutions instituted in the courts of the United States against those who took part in the expedition has been directed. I have regarded the expedition as not only political in its nature, but also as in a great measure foreign from the United States in its causes, character, and objects. The attempt was understood to be made in sympathy with an insurgent party in Ireland, and, by striking a British province on the continent, designed to aid in obtaining redress for political grievances, which it was assumed the people of Ireland had suffered at the hands of the British Government during a period of several centuries. The persons engaged in it were chiefly natives of that country, some of whom had, while others had not, become citizens of the United States. Complaints of misgovernment in Ireland continually engage the attention of the British nation, and so great an agitation is now prevailing in Ireland that the British Government have deemed it necessary to suspend the writ of Habeas Corpus in that country. These circumstances must necessarily modify the opinion which we might otherwise have entertained in regard to an expedition expressly prohibited by our neutrality laws. So long as those laws remain upon our statute-book they should be faithfully executed." With regard to Mexico, he says "that repeated assurances have been made that the evacuation of Mexico by the French expeditionary forces will take place next spring, and that the French Government would then assume the attitude of non-intervention in Mexico, as is held by the Government of the United States. It is believed that with the evacuation of Mexico no subject for serious differences between France and the United States would remain." He adds:—"Being deeply interested in the cause of liberty and humanity, it seemed an obvious duty on our part to exercise whatever influence we possessed for the restoration and permanent establishment in that country of a domestic and republican form of Government. All settlements of American claims for indemnity against France for acts committed by that Power in the exercise of a belligerent power against Mexico have been deferred until a mutual adjustment shall be agreed upon by the two countries." Speaking of his reconstruction policy the President says:—"Upon this question, so vitally affecting the restoration of the Union and the permanency of our present form of Government, my convictions heretofore expressed have undergone no change, but, on the contrary, their correctness has been confirmed by reflection and time. If the admission of loyal members to seats in the respective houses of Congress was wise and expedient a year ago it is no less wise and expedient now. I know of no measure more imperatively demanded by every consideration of national interest, sound policy, and equal justice, than the admission of loyal members from the now unrepresented States. This would consummate the work of restoration, and exert a most salutary influence on the re-establishment of peace, harmony, and fraternal feeling. It would tend greatly to renew the confidence of the American people in the vigour and stability of their institutions." The President, in conclusion, says:—"Our Government is undergoing its most trying ordeal, and my earnest prayer is that the peril may be successfully and finally passed without impairing its original strength and symmetry. The interests of the nation are best to be promoted by the revival of fraternal relations, the complete obliteration of our past differences, and the reinauguration of all the pursuits of peace."

The *New York Herald*, alluding editorially to the President's message, says that upon the great

issue of Southern reconstruction it reads like a chapter from the world before the deluge. The *New York Times*, writing on the same subject, says:—"His (the President's) arguments have been used before. His recommendation is chiefly noticeable as an evidence that he has learned nothing from the elections and forgotten nothing with his struggle with Congress." The *Tribune* says: "The first impression conveyed by the message is that his excellency is chastened. There is nothing in it that any loyal man could read with comfort or hope. He does not mean to aid us in the work of reconstruction." The *New York World* and the *Journal of Commerce* support the President. The latter paper says:—"He exhibits that Jacksonian firmness which was declared to be one of his characteristics when nominated, and this message is in no senses inferior to anything he has heretofore issued."

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